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MEMOIRS
OF THE
Baron de BRO SSE,

Who was

Broke on the WHEEL

In the REIGN of

L E W I S XIV.

Containing, An

ACCOUNT of his AMOURS.

WITH

Several Particulars relating to the
WARS in those TIMES.

Collected from Authentick AUTHORS, and an
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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TO THE
Right HONOURABLE
THE
EARL of SCARSDALE.

MY LORD,



VARIOUS are the Pretences which Authors have for Addresses of this Nature ; but, did they, like me, make Choice of a Patron less illustrious by his high Birth, than Virtues, there
A 2 *would*

would be no Occasion for any, being assured that to a truly generous Mind, the Want of Encouragement is the best Plea for gaining it.

If it would not be thought too great an Arrogance for one of my Sex to set up for a Censor, I would acquaint your Lordship, That in every Thing I have published, I have made it my Study to mingle some little Improvement with the Diversion my Novels are allowed to afford; and if in this Aim I have not succeeded so well as I could wish, it has not been owing to my Want of endeavouring it. — I take the Liberty to hint this to Your Lordship, because I am not without Enemies, who, perhaps, may have represented me in a Light vastly different from what I am;
and

and as I am, in every Thing, but good Intentions, infinitely unworthy the Honour of Your Lordship's Protection, make me appear also so in that.

It would be impossible to recount the numerous Difficulties a Woman has to struggle through in her Approach to Fame: If her Writings are considerable enough to make any Figure in the World, Envy pursues her with unweary'd Diligence; and if, on the contrary, she only writes what is forgot, as soon as read, Contempt is all the Reward, her Wish to please, excites; and the cold Breath of Scorn chills the little Genius she has, and which, perhaps, cherished by Encouragement, might, in Time, grow to a Praise-worthy Height.

It

It is to preserve myself from these Dangers, that I have taken Care to prefix to almost every one of the Trifles I have published, a Name too great to leave me any Thing to fear from the Ill-nature of my Readers; and it is only to the Necessity I have of doing so, that I can hope to owe your Lordship's Pardon for this Presumption.

To go about to make a Detail of those many Excellent Qualities, which form a Character so conspicuously bright as that which distinguishes Your Lordship, would be rather an Aggravation, than the contrary, of the Liberty I have taken. Your favourable Acceptance of what has so little Claim to Your Regard, will, more than any Thing I can say, be a
Proof

Proof of Your unquestioned Goodness : I shall therefore add no more, but that I am, with all Humility,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Devoted and

most Obedient Servant.

Proof of the unpopularity of
the: I feel therefore and so
much that I can only
submit.

Very truly
yours

Your Lordship

most Devoted and
affectionate Son

John Lubbock

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Baron de BRO SSE.



LOVE is not always fatal to the softer Sex alone: *Man*, guarded as he is, with a superior Reason, does sometimes feel the Force of that Almighty Passion, and is, as it were, compell'd, by its sweet Violence, to Actions inconsistent with his Honour, or his Interest: It is not often, indeed, that such Instances are to be found; but where they are, are therefore more worthy Observation. That which happen'd to the *Baron De Brosse*, was of so singular a Nature, that I think the Memory of it ought to be perpetuated, as a Warning to those, who, when Expectation is no more, and even Hope is dead, dare war with Impossibilities, and continue to indulge
B a Desire,

a Desire, which, in the End, cannot fail of plunging themselves, perhaps the darling Object too, in an inevitable Ruine.

It was in the Beginning of the Reign of LEWIS XIV. of *France*, that this Gentleman was esteemed one of the chief Ornaments of the Court and Nation: — He was descended of a Family, which, for a long Series of Ages, had been remarkable for great Actions; and though he was a younger Branch of it, he was infinitely more respected by all who knew him, than those whose Eldership had given them the Preference in Title and Estate: — He had distinguished himself so well in several *Campaignes* (where he, at first, went only as a *Voluntier*; but was afterward intrusted with a considerable Post) that it seem'd as if the whole Vigour, which animated the Souls of his brave Ancestors, were all devolved, with doubled Force, on him. — Nor were his other Qualifications less worthy Admiration: — He was as ingaging in *Peace*, as he was formidable in *War*: — A more accomplish'd Courtier never grac'd a *Ball*, or led the fighting Maid to the retired *Alcove*. — Fit, as he was, by Courage, Learning, Wit, and Policy, for the most important Employments, either in the *Field* or *Cabinet*, he thought it no lessening to his Character to give into those Amusements which please the Young and Gay: — The Complaisance and Affability of his Behaviour, made him extremely dear to both Sexes; but it would be endless to recount how many of the softer languish'd for the Possession of a Heart,

Heart, which, for a long Time, maintained its Liberty in spite of the Attacks made on it by the most victorious Beauties: — He was not, indeed, without his Amours; — But then he knew no more of the Passion, than what was occasioned by Gratitude, or, at most, a Liking which might afford him some little Pleasure, but no Pain. — The Hopes, the Fears, the sweet Anxieties, the thrilling Joys, the Soul-dissolving Languishments, and all those Symptoms, which never fail to appear where there is a perfect Passion, were wholly Strangers to his Soul, nor did he imagine, they had any Existence, but in the Poets Brain. — Thus, undisturb'd, slid on his Time serenely Gay, and 'till he was more than Thirty Years of Age, had never seen the Face capable of inspiring him with any just Notions of what a Lover feels. Of all the Passions, whose Excess brings on Disasters, none believed that *Love* would occasion any to *De Brosse*; and it was a common Saying, when any one would speak of Things impossible, to cry, Such an Event will happen, when *De Brosse* dies for *Love*. But soon—too soon, alas! was the mistaken World convinced, that there is no such thing as a natural Insensibility of Merit in a distinguishing Soul. As yet he had seen no Woman, but whose Charms had some prevailing Foible to balance her Perfections; but now the Time arrived, which was to prove, it was rather owing to the ill Conduct of the Fair, than his want of Susceptibility, that he, had so long remained untouch'd with the Power of Beauty.

Among the Number of those whom the Wit, Bravery, and polite Behaviour of *De Brosse*, had made his Friends, was the *Marshal Turenne*: That great Man had so true a Kindness for him, that he never thought himself so happy, as when he had him with him. Being going to a fine Seat he had at - - - near the River - - - he press'd him to accompany him, with an Earnestness, which the other could not refuse. Being arrived, to compensate for those Diversions they had left behind them in *Paris*, the obliging *Marshal* made it his Study to give him all that the Country afforded.——Those Days, when the Weather admitted of going Abroad, they either rode out to hunt, or view the Beauties and Antiquities of the Castles, Monasteries, and Abbies, of which there are a great Number in that Province, or took the Air in a *Barge* on that delightful *River*, whose Banks appear so many Gardens.——At other Times, magnificent Balls, to which were invited a vast deal of good Company, chang'd this Place, design'd for Retirement, to a perfect Court.——Our *De Brosse* here grew acquainted with a new Set of Beauties; but he beheld them with the same Indifference, he had done those he had seen in other Places; and they were not a few, who took all imaginable Pains to engage him, but still without Success; he maintained his Character of Insensibility, and each despairing Fair, had the Consolation to know her Rivals as unhappy as herself. The fatal Day being come, which was decreed to be the last of his Repose,

pose, as he was walking alone on the Top of a little Hill, which overlooked the Road, not above a Musquet Shot from the House, he saw a Chariot, with a Lady in it, overturn'd; the Horses, whose too high Mettle had occasioned this Misfortune, continued to run furiously along, dragging the Chariot after them; nor could the Speed, which he saw a great many Footmen and Lacquies, in rich Liveries, make to overtake them, be of any Consequence to stop the Rapidity of their Course; struck with Compassion at the Lady's Danger, and actuated by a prodigious Presence of Mind,—— he no sooner saw, than he thought how to relieve her, and instantly drawing his Sword, and the same Moment running down the Hill, by the Turning of the Road, he was time enough down to meet them, and striking his Sword into the Neck of one of those furious Beasts, disabled him from any farther Progress; then, with an incredible Dexterity, drawing out his Weapon, made Use of it to cut the Harnesses, lest the enraged Creature should, by his kicking and flinging, more damnify the fallen Machine.——By this Time the Servants were come up, and joined their Endeavours with his for the Recovery of their Lady, who was rather dead than alive; she was not only deprived of her Senses by the Fright, but, also, was so bruised, that when she came to herself, she found she had no Use of her Limbs.——*De Brosse*, well knowing the Humanity and Complaisance of the *Marshal*, intreated she would permit him to carry her there, where he
could

could assure her of a ready Welcome, 'till a *Litter* could be provided for her Return; or, if she pleased, 'till she had fully recovered the Hurts she had received. In the Condition she was, it was highly necessary she should accept this Offer, which she did, with as many Demonstrations of Gratitude for the timely Relief he had given her, as her Weakness would permit.—— Altogether unable to walk, she suffered him to take her in his Arms, in order to bear her to the House of *Marshal* TURENNE, while some of the Servants followed, and others ran home, to acquaint her Family with what had happened:—— But how dear did this unhappy Gentleman pay for his Complaisance! the Posture in which he held his lovely Burthen, gave him an Opportunity of contemplating the Thousand Charms, which, not only her Face, but her whole Form abounded in.—— Stripp'd of all the Advantages of those studied Airs and Graces, which the Fair practise when they design a Conquest—— Her Garments ruffled, her Hair dishevelled—— Confusion and Terror in her Countenance; she yet appeared more beautiful, than any thing he had ever seen before; and though he knew not presently, that it was Love which had occasioned those unusual Emotions he found about his Heart, yet he was sensible he was seized with something, which he should not find it very easy to get rid of.

Having conveyed her to the *Marshal's*, that Gentleman, who happened to be at home, received her with the greatest Respect, and ordering

dering his Women Servants to attend her, they laid her on a Bed, and applying some proper Remedies for the Bruises she had received, left her to repose herself: In the mean Time, her new Adorer was informed by the *Marshal*, of the Name and Quality of this Wonder-working Charmer:——He told him, she was called LARISSA, only Daughter to the *Count De CHEVREUX*, a Nobleman of the greatest Estate of any in those Parts; and that she was justly celebrated for her Wit and Beauty, in a very peculiar Manner. The Daggers which this Account struck to the Soul of the enamoured *De Brosse*, are not to be conceived:——To find she was by Birth and Fortune raised so far above his Hopes, that, but to know he thought of her in the Manner he could not avoid doing, would render him ridiculous to the World, filled him with a Despair, which by nothing could be equal'd, but the Violence of his Love.——As soon as he was told she was awake, he sent to intreat her Permission to visit her, which she having granted, saying, The Presence of her Deliverer would very much conduce to her Amendment, he entered the Chamber; but, good God! how vast an Addition to the Passion he was before possess'd of, did he receive from this Second View!——Her Eyes had now regained their sparkling Lustre, and her Complexion its Vivacity:——The soft distressful Air in which, at first, he found her, excited the most tender Love; but her triumphant Beauty, now commanded Adoration, and would have made him tremble to approach her,

her, had not the Sweetness of her Voice, and the obliging Words she made use of to give him those Retributions the Assistance he had afforded her, demanded from her, encourag'd him to reply to what she said, and, at her Request, to sit down in a Chair, which was placed near the Bed-side: She entertained him with a less Shew of Reserve, than many who were infinitely her Inferiors in Beauty, Birth, or Virtue, would have put on; and had her Eyes failed in their accustomed Power of Charming, the unaffected Graces of her Conversation, would have gained an intire Victory over the Soul of the every-way subdued *De Brosse*. Never had he so ardently wished to appear agreeable, as now; yet never was he at so great a Loss for Subjects to furnish Conversation, as at this Time. Her Charms, and the Influence they had on him, were all he could think on, and, aw'd from giving Way to the Dictates of his Passion, his Tongue refus'd Utterance to any other Theme.— Surpriz'd,——confus'd,——pleased, and pained, he felt at once all the different Perturbations, which make the Medley of a Lover's Mind.——As he was labouring for something to say to her, which might express some Part of the vast Regard he had for her, without giving her Leave to imagine it was greater than she wished, or would encourage; happily for him, the *Marshal* entered to pay his Compliments to his fair Guest, and gave a Relief to his Disorders.——He now grew more assured; for though nothing is so agreeable to a Lover, as to be alone with his Mistress,

Mistress, when he dares entertain her with his Passion, yet nothing is more perplexing, when Circumstances oblige him to conceal it.—— His Tremblings ceased : —— His Accents no longer faltered : —— The chearful Red again o'erspread his Cheeks, and he once more appeared the Man he was. —— The Conversation between these Three amiable Persons, now became extreamly entertaining, and talking on various Subjects, the Soul-charm'd *De Brosse* found his adorable Mistress had no less a Share of *Wit*, than *Beauty* : —— He was ravished both with her Notions of Things, and the agreeable Manner she had of expressing what she thought : Nor did the Admiration she conceived of him, fall very short of what he felt for her ; and, indeed, there was so great a Conformity in the Opinions and Humours of these Lovers, that it had been more to be wondered at if they had not become so, than that they should so suddenly be influenced by a Passion, which, from the first Commencement, was too powerful to be repell'd.

Love was every Moment more establishing his Force in the Hearts of his new Conquests, when a Messenger came from the Count *De Chevreux*, to make his Compliments to the *Marshal* and *Baron* for the Favours they had conferred on his Daughter, excusing his not waiting on them himself, by an Indisposition, which, for some Days, had confined him to his Chamber, and assuring them, that as soon as he was in a Condition, he would, in Person, make those Acknowledgments the Great-

ness of the Obligation required from him. It was with all the Respect imaginable, that these Two Friends returned his Civilities; but when the Gentleman acquainted LARISSA, that there was a *Litter* at the Gate to carry her home, De Brosse felt something at his Heart so Cold, so Death-like, that it was as much as he could do to sustain the Shock.—

TURENNE being busily engaged with the Count's Messenger, was prevented from taking any Notice of those Disorders which were visible enough in his Face; but LARISSA, who, as she was lying on the Bed, had her full View of him, easily read in his own Confusion, the inward Convulsions of his Mind, which, great as they were, however, he recovered himself enough from, to be able to assist the Person sent to conduct her home, in the carrying her down Stairs, and by that means, had a Second Time the Blessing of holding in his Arms the Charmer of his Heart.—

As he was taking Leave of her, after she was put into the *Litter*, he could not restrain his Eyes from looking on her with so soft, so tender a Languishment, as plainly confirmed her in those Suggestions, which before she had entertained, and filled her whole Soul at once with Pity, and with Pleasure, to obey the Dictates of the former, and, perhaps, not without some Mixture of Gratification of the latter: She told him at Parting, with a most enchanting Smile, That he had not preserved the Life of a Person, who understood not the Value of the Obligation; for, she must cease to breathe, before she forgot to whom she owed

owed the Continuance of that Breath.—

The *Litter* just then beginning to move, cut him off from making any other Answer, than with a low Bow; but he followed her with his Eyes, 'till her Conductors were intirely out of Sight.—— At his Return into the House, the Discourse of this Adventure took up great Part of that Day; and though he acquainted not the *Marshal* with the Sentiments he was possessed of, yet he had the Address to engage him to a Relation of all he knew concerning the Affairs of this Lady, and having, by some little Hints, perceived there was something remarkable in them, had a very good Pretence to intreat he would give him her History as far as he knew of it, which the other, readily consenting to, began in this Manner.



The History of LARISSA, and the Chevalier D' AMOIS.

I Need not go about, said he, to set forth the Charms of this Young Beauty; you have seen her, and, in spite of your Insensibility, cannot, I am certain, but acknowledge, she is the most lovely Creature in the World.—— She is the only Child of the Count De CHEVREUX; though you have no

Personal Acquaintance with him, you must have heard his Character, that he is one of the richest, proudest, and worst tempered Men on Earth; I was once one of his greatest Intimates; but an Accident happened to break off our Correspondence, which is the Reason, that, among the Number of People of Condition you have seen here, I have never invited him, nor his Daughter: Since an Acquaintance cannot be kept up with one, without the other also, I chose to deny myself the Pleasure of the young Lady's Conversation, who is, really, extremely good humour'd, witty, and every way the Reverse of her Father, rather than endure the Arrogance of a Man, who, when he once imagines himself affronted, is hardly ever reconciled.

———What Man, but he, after so signal a Service as you had done his Daughter, but would have come himself to have returned you Thanks? for well I know, it was the Indisposition of the *Mind*, rather than of the *Body*, which detained him; but, granting his Excuse were real, ought he not to have intreated you to come to his House; and, at least, by making an Offer of his Friendship, let you see he thought himself indebted to you? ———But you will better judge of his Temper, when I tell you the Occasion of our Estrangement. ———You must know, that when I had the Honour of commanding some Part of his Majesty's Forces against the *Imperialists*, I had an Officer under me, who, for his great Courage, and tried Fidelity, I very much esteemed. ———This Gentleman, whose
Name

Name was D' AMOIS, was killed in the last Campaign we had Occasion to make in *Flanders*.——Long before his Death, he had committed to my Care, an only Son, equal to his Father in every Virtue, in some exceeding not only him, but the Generality of Mankind.——He continued in my Family 'till, about a Year, or something more, ago, he beheld the fatally fair LARISSA. He no sooner saw her, than he became influenced by so strong a Passion, that no Reasons were of Force to repel it: The Disposition of the Count, who, having often seen with me, he was too well acquainted with, deterr'd him, for a long Time, from making known what 'twas he felt; and it was not without the utmost Difficulty, I brought him to confess, even to me, what I had long before discovered by the Confusion which appeared in his Face whenever the lovely LARISSA was named.——Having, with much ado, wrung the Secret from him, I desired to know, in what manner he designed to proceed? telling him, It would better become a *Chevalier*, to dare the most indignant Repulse, than, by a Cowardly Fear, be detained from declaring his Desires, 'till, perhaps, some more bold and fortunate Lover, should bear away the Prize, while he was debating which Way he should go about to obtain it. Having ever, with the greatest Readiness, taken my Advice, he willingly did in this: But, whether he should declare himself first to the young Lady, or her Father, took us up some Time in resolving: At last, considering, that though he had a very plentiful

plentiful Fortune, it was not equal to what the *Count's* Ambition might expect for his Daughter; and that the fine Person and Address of this young Gentleman, would probably have the same Effect on *LARISSA* they had had on many others; I advised him to make his Application to her, believing, that if he could inspire her Heart with any Tenderness for him, the Fondness the Count had for her, would prevail on him not to make her unhappy in a fruitless Passion. —

D'AMOIS, wholly guided by me, the first Opportunity that presented, threw himself at her Feet, and declared his Passion: She received it, as he afterwards informed me, with some Surprise; but with none of that Contempt which should give him Cause to despair he should never be able to move her to Compassion: — But her Behaviour to him, I have since had Reason to believe, was more owing to the natural Sweetness and Affability of her Humour, than to any extraordinary Pleasure she took in finding herself addressed by him in that Manner; for, not being able to see her in some Time after he had discovered the Wishes of his Soul, he sent a Letter to her, full of the most tender Protestations imaginable, and earnestly intreating, she would once more permit him to renew his Vows at her Feet. — To which he received an Answer, the Words of which I very well remember, because of the deplorable Condition to which he was reduced at reading them.

To the Chevalier D' AMOIS.

THAT I forbade you not before to prosecute a Suit in which you cannot, with any Reason, form to yourself a Prospect of Success, was only owing to the Dilemma I was in, whether your Words proceeded from a real Passion, or unmeaning Gallantry: — I would have everybody have that just Notion of me, to believe, I know my Duty better than to encourage any Addressees of the Nature you make me, without being first approved of by him whose Commands shall ever be the Rule of all my Actions; and though I do not tell you, that I should receive any Overtures of that Kind with much Satisfaction, yet I assure you, that, in Obedience to his Will, you, or whoever else he shall think fit to present to me, shall have no Reason to complain of being treated with Disdain, by

The Equally Unprepossessed, as
Unprejudiced,

LARISSA.

Never

Never did I see a Countenance change so, in a Moment, from the most gay and brilliant Look in the World; he seemed, on a sudden, as though he had been lately raised from the Habitations of the Dead. ——— As soon as he had read it, See here, my Lord, said he, putting the Letter into my Hand, see here the Fate of lost D' AMOIS! ——— I am so curs'd a Wretch, that even the Blessing of your Advice and Favour, has contributed to my Undoing: ——— You will find, continued he, with a Sigh as though his Heart were bursting, how partial your Friendship has been: ——— There is nothing in this Form, but what inspires Contempt ——— And had I been so fortunate to have gained the Count's Esteem, it would have been but thro' Duty the inexorable LARISSA had listened to my Passion. ——— I must confess, at first Reading, I differed not much from his Opinion of the Cruelty of this Lady; but on more deliberately considering the latter Part of it, I found there was a Possibility of making a Construction of her Meaning, more to his Advantage, than he could have expected: ——— It seemed to me, that she plainly bad him endeavour to gain her Father's Consent, and by subscribing herself both *unprepossessed* and *unprejudiced*, that she had neither, as yet, received the Impression of any other Idea, nor found any thing in him, which might render his Addresses disagreeable, when once the Obstacles which Duty laid in her Way, were removed. ——— I did not fail to

to dress my Thoughts in expressing such as I imagined would be most conducive to raise him from that Despair I found he was involv'd in: ——— But, nothing I could say, could give him any Consolation for a long Time, and it was in his Behaviour I first discovered, that where *Love* had established his Throne, there was no Room for *Reason*; all the Arguments I alledged, were of the same Efficacy, as the Breath of a Girl opposed to stem the rough Assaults of Wintry *Boreas*: ——— He would not hear of soliciting the *Count*: ——— He told me, that his Passion was of so nice and delicate a Nature, that, though he should succeed ——— should marry her, — he could not even then be perfectly happy: ——— He should be still unsatisfied ——— should fancy he owed the Possession of her Charms, more to *Obedience*, than *Love*; and that Reflection would embitter all his Joys, and mingle Curses with his Raptures. ——— With these, and a Thousand such-like wild Notions, did he reply to all I said, and I was forced to leave him in a Condition, which gave me some Apprehensions of his attempting on his Life, therefore, unknown to him, I caused a trusty Servant to watch in his Chamber all Night: But, as all Passions grow more *obstinate* the more they are *repuls'd*, being left to himself, was of more Service to abate the raging Violence of his Despair, than all my Reasonings. ——— He came into my Chamber the next Morning, with a Countenance much more composed, than that with which I left him; and, having begged my Pardon for the little Deference

his Disorders had permitted him the Power of paying to what I said, told me, He was now come with a Resolution to obey my Directions in every thing, if I would continue to give them to him.——I then again persuaded him to think of applying to the *Count*; and, to encourage him to do so, told him, I would, by proposing the Matter to him first, prepare a Way for him, which, at that Time, I scarce made a Doubt but would lead him to the Completion of his Wishes. —— The Ecstasy he was in at my giving him this Assurance, was not less extravagant, than a contrary Passion had been: —— And I, who, 'till that Time, had never been personally acquainted with what is called a Lover, had my Thoughts pretty near as much taken up with Wonder, as his were with Hope, Fear, and Expectation. —— I perceived the Distemper he laboured under, admitted not of Delays, therefore made what Haste I could in dressing, and went that very Morning to the *Count De CHEVREUX*: I past some Time in ordinary Discourses before I said any thing of the Affair I came about, and when I mentioned it to him, set forth the Advantages *D' AMOIS* was possessed of, the signal Bravery he had shewn in the Engagements he had been in, which had made him be taken Notice of by the whole Court, and even by the King himself, in a very particular Manner; and, above all, described the prodigious Effect the Charms of *LARISSA* had on him, in the most lively Colours I was able; but, that morose Old Man would not suffer me to finish what I had

I had to urge, but, rudely interrupting me, My Lord, said he, I wonder you should make a Proposal of this Kind to me——I did not expect it from the Friendship that has been between us.——What, cry'd he, walking about the Room, in a disordered Motion, because he has had some Share in the Success against the Enemies, does he think to make a Plunder of my Estate? He has no need to do that, answered I (very much vex'd at the ill Reception I met with) having a very plentiful one of his own: ——Though, had the *Chevalier D'AMOIS* been capable of leaving him no other Inheritance than his Fame and Virtues, it would have been sufficient to have intitled him to the Affections of any Lady. ——I would have you, my Lord (continued I, with a Warmth which I was not able to restrain) to remember, that it was to the Sword your Ancestors were indebted for the Possession of that Title, which is all that raises you above D'AMOIS, and, perhaps, in Time, may give him one superior to yours.——When that Time comes, replied he, sullenly, 'tis possible I may listen to his Offers, but, at present, have other Things in View; therefore desire not to be troubled with hearing any more of this Affair.

Should I tell you, *De Brosse*, continued the *Marshal*, how much I submitted my Temper to reply to this rough Treatment, you would be amazed; but the Tendernefs I had for D'AMOIS, prevail'd above my Indignation, and I descended to argue with him in his Behalf, as though I had been a Dependant on this

proud Man. — I represented to him, How little Disparity there was between their Birth; the Predecessors of D'AMOIS having formerly been Lords of *Preau*, and lost the Succession of that Title but by the too great Ambition of one of them, who carried his Desires to One of the Princesses of the Blood-Royal, and for that Reason was degraded of his Honours, and his Issue deprived of their Inheritance. — I told him also, That I doubted not but the great Merits of the present D'AMOIS, would very soon be distinguished by some particular Mark of Favour by his Majesty, and only begg'd he would not drive him totally to Despair, but permit him to visit the adorable LARISSA, keeping still the Power of disposing her in his own Hands, 'till the other should raise himself to a Station, which might make him think him worthy of her. But to no Purpose were all my Pleadings; my Condescension served but to increase his Arrogance, and, determined not to make an absolute Quarrel with him, lest it should be a Detriment to any Design D'AMOIS might hereafter form, I was obliged to leave him, or my Passion had made me regardless of all other Considerations.

At my Return Home, the disappointed Lover read Part of his Misfortune in the Discontent of my Looks; — There was no avoiding letting him know the Truth, and though I mitigated the Harshness of the old Count's Behaviour, as much as possible,

fible, yet I was obliged to acquaint him, that there was nothing to be hoped for on that Side ; and endeavoured to divert the Chagrin he conceived at it, by telling him, I would, myself, attack the young Lady. — Never was I witness of Agonies equal to what I saw him suffer at my first Recital of the ill Success I had with the Count, yet I found by him, in a very little Time after, that *Love* is a Passion the soonest flatter'd, and most liable to Deceit of any. — My Promise of speaking to LARISSA, seem'd to revive his drooping Spirits ; he fancy'd I should be able to obtain, from the Affability of that Lady, the Grant of one more Interview for him, and then he resolved to say, and do such Things, which, even in spite of herself, should draw Compassion from her. — I no sooner saw he was building fond chymical Ideas on the Promise I had made him, than I began to cast about, how I should get an Opportunity to perform it. — To imagine she would be permitted to come to my House, while D' AMOIS was there, would have been a Suggestion more vain and ridiculous, than ever entered a fond Lover's Brain ; and for me to go to that of the Count De CHEVREUX, if, after the Usage he had given me, I could have so far descended, would have been to little purpose, since doubtless he that could go so far in Rudeness, would not have scrupled to refuse me the Sight of her. I had no Prospect of getting to the Speech of her, without

without Fortune should favour my unhappy Friend so far, as to throw me in her Way by Accident. — With that Hope I went for many Days together, to the Houses of those Persons whom I knew she had been accustomed to visit, but all the Pains I took was to no Effect ; being as I was afterwards informed, commanded by the perverse *Count*, guessing that both D' AMOIS and myself would watch all Opportunities of seeing her, not to stir out of Doors. It was not by my Means, that this despairing Lover was to enjoy the Blessing he so ardently longed for ; yet still continuing my zealous, though fruitless, Endeavours, one Evening at my Return Home, I found the unhappy D' AMOIS in a Condition little differing from Distraction ; he was in his Chamber, where he had thrown himself on the Floor, and was beating his Breast, and exclaiming against the Severity of his Fate, in Terms so wild and incoherent, as made me think he was really seized with a sudden Frenzy. — I could get nothing from him, for a long Time, but, That he was the most curs'd of all created Beings ; ——— That it was the utmost Cruelty to force him to drag on a Life, which such unexampled Miseries had justly made detestable : ——— His Sword was drawn, and lying by him on the Ground, which, taking up with a Look that express'd the utmost Horror, O ! my Lord ! said he to me, if ever D' AMOIS was worthy of your Favour, now express it,

it, and by one charitable Blow, put a Period to my wretched Days, and vouchsafe that Ease which a cruel Vow has prevented me from giving myself. — Amaze-
 ment, for some Moments, deprived me of the Power of Asking whence this unusual Des-
 peration proceeded; for though from the first fatal Moment he beheld the lovely Daughter of *Count de CHEVREUX*, he had been wholly bereft of that Enlivening Spirit which had made him so agreeable to all who knew him, yet he seemed rather inclined to a stupid Melancholy, than such an outrageous Violence of Temper; and which plainly demonstrated to me, that the Condition I now saw him in, was occasioned by some new Misfortune: — At last, with much ado, I drew from him these Words. — O! my Lord! cry'd he, I have seen the dear inexorable Charmer of my Soul, have had the Blessing of being serviceable to her in an Exigence which to have been relieved from, she would have given more than her Life to any but the wretched, the hated *D' AMOIS*! — I now have the full Confirmation of my Fate, and have no more to do but die. It was in vain, I urged him to give me the Particulars of this Accident; — He could not give so much Truce to his Agonies as to be able, 'till my frequent Entreaties prevailed on him to struggle with his Griefs, with so much Vehemence, that his Endeavours to suppress the rising Sighs which prevented the Utterance of his Words, had
 like

like to have been fatal to him:——He was almost strangled, and I was obliged to suspend my Curiosity, and desire him to defer his Relation, 'till he was in a better Condition to make it:——He bow'd, and thank'd me as well as he was able, and the first tumultuous Emotions being a little over, he raised himself from the Posture he was in, and began the History of what he thought so terrible a Woe, in this Manner.

After you were gone out, my Lord! said he, my melancholy Thoughts led me to take a Walk in that solitary Forest, which is about Two Miles distant from your House.——The wild Solitude of the Place seemed fitted to my Mind, and I still wandered, buried in gloomy Contemplations, 'till I was got into a Part of it, where interposing Brambles, and spraeiey Briers, stopped up the trackless Paths, and forbad my farther Progress. About to turn back, I heard the Voice of a Woman, crying out for Help: Compassion, for a Moment, made me forget my own Sufferings, to endeavour the Relief of another's, and making what Speed I could to the Place whence those Shrieks proceeded, I found, —— O God! how great was my Astonishment!—the lovely Author of my tender Wishes, the adorable LARISSA in the Hands of a Russian, who, without Regard to her Sex and matchless Beauty, was dragging her by the Hair with one Hand, while the other held a drawn Dagger pointed at her Breast.——So monstrous a Villainy required no Interrogatories; I saw the sacrilegious Act, and there required no more,

more, but instant Punishment——There-
fore, without allowing the Wretch Time for
Defence, I flew to him, and plunging my
Sword into his Breast, obliged him to let go
his Hold, with his Life. ——He expired
that Moment, and the affrighted Fair sent
forth a Cry of Joy, almost as shrill as those
which a contrary Emotion had occasioned.
——I need not tell you, I threw myself
at her Feet, blessing Heaven that had made
me the Instrument of preserving her: You may
be sure I omitted nothing that I thought might
make her sensible how vast a Satisfaction it
was to me to have had it in my Power to do
her that Service: But it will, perhaps, sur-
prize you, that when, the Hurry of her Spirits
being a little over, she had Time to look on
me, and knew me for D' AMOIS, which, in
the Moment of the Action, she was too much
confused to do, instead of making me those
Acknowledgments I thought my Due, she
turned away her Head, crying, Heaven! how
severe is my Fate, to be reduced to receive
Obligations, where I have no Power to return
them? Shock'd, as I was, at these Words, I
fell on my Knees a Second Time, assuring her,
by all the Imprecations I could make, that
the Blessing of serving her, was sufficient Re-
compence for the Service I had done; but,
added I, though in this I have acted no more
than the Part of a Man of Honour, or, tho'
to adore you is no more than all must do who
see you, yet the Passion I am possessed of, is
of a Nature which deserves more than a com-
mon Regard. ——I confess, continued I,
E still

still kneeling, that I am presumptuous enough
 to think I merit your Compassion.——
 Misinterpret not, replied she, what I have
 said: —— I own the Obligations I have to
 you, both for the Love you profess for me,
 and for the timely Rescue you have given me
 from an Evil which had been worse than
 Death; and 'tis my Misfortune, that I have
 it not in my Power to thank you as I ought:
 —— I am ashamed of the Ingratitude I
 must be guilty of, yet I am denied all Means
 to prove I would not be so, were not the Ne-
 cessity unavoidable. I thought there was
 something in this last Expression favourable
 enough to encourage me to proceed in those
 Pressures I had begun; but, perceiving my
 Intent, she check'd my aspiring Hopes with
 a Look so severe, so charmingly reproaching,
 that I neither durst, nor wish'd to offend her;
 I therefore changed the Manner of my Con-
 versation, and intreated to know, by what
 Means she had been exposed to those Dangers
 I had been so fortunate to relieve her from?
 She then informed me, That the Person who
 my revenging Sword had sent to answer for
 his intended Crime in another World, was her
 Father's Steward, and had served him many
 Years with an Appearance of the utmost Inte-
 grity: I had, said she, a very great Confi-
 dence in his Honesty and Prudence, 'till this
 unhappy Day, when, taking the Opportunity
 of my Father's being gone to a Friend's House,
 where he designs to stay some Days, he came
 to me as I was in my Chamber, and, with a
 Countenance which express'd some Surprise,
 Madam,

Madam, said he, you must prepare yourself, with all imaginable Speed, for a little Journey : ——— My Lord has this Moment sent an Express to me, to conduct you to the Place where he is: He has also ordered, you would keep it private, and to that End, you must ride on Horseback behind me to avoid the Servants Knowledge: ——— I cannot imagine, continued he, what is the Occasion of this Circumspection, unless it be, that he has provided you a Husband, whom you yet are ignorant of, and he would have the World so for a Time. I observed he smiled as he pronounced these last Words, which making me think it was really as he said, and that my Father had acquainted him with it, earnestly entreated he would tell me all he knew of the Affair; but he protested, what he spoke was only on Suspicion, and, desiring me to make haste in getting myself ready, went from me to go and prepare a Horse. ——— I shall not go about to describe the Perplexity I was in when left alone; all Words would come far short of it; for, as I told you in my Letter, it would not be with much Satisfaction I should find myself obliged to enter into a married State with any one, much more with a Person, with whose Disposition and Passion I had no Acquaintance: And there being no Cause in Nature, but this one, to be assigned for being sent for in this Manner, and my Father's arbitrary, and, I wish I could not say, whimsical, Humour, beside the Hint the Steward had given me, who I knew was no Stranger to his Designs, made me conclude,

that I, indeed, was going to be sacrificed to one I knew not: ——— The Perturbations of my Mind kept me from ornamenting my Body; he found me, at his Return into my Chamber, as he had left me, and as you see me, in my Night-gown; but he told me, 'twas no matter, Speed, more than Dress, was required from me, so, slipping on only a Hood, I followed him down Stairs, and to the back Gate, where a Horse stood ready for us; he mounted me immediately, and, having done the same himself, away we went, without the Knowledge of any Person in the House, but my Woman, whose Secresy I was certain of: ——— Though I did nothing else but conjure him to tell me what his real Thoughts were of this Affair, I could get nothing from him, 'till we were out of the great Road, and had turned into this Forest: ——— Then, Madam, said he, I will no longer refuse what you seem so earnest to be informed of. ——— I told you, that I had some Guessees you were hurried out in this obscure Manner to steal a Husband, and now, I assure you that it is so: ——— Despairing to obtain you by any other Means, I have formed this Stratagem to make you mine: ——— Love, who inspir'd, has rendered it successful, and will, I hope, induce you to forgive it. Here Surprise prevented me from interrupting him, but, that giving Way to Indignation, I called him all the Names his Treachery and Presumption merited; but, finding that neither Threats nor Reproaches were of any Efficacy, and justly believing, that he who had dared to do this,

this, would also dare to do more, Fear obliged me to have Recourse to Artifice ; I seemed to pity the Passion he pretended to have for me, and promised, nay, almost vow'd, I would reward it, if he returned with me, assuring him, I would never divulge his Attempt : ——— In fine, I said what would have deceived any generous Mind : But his, alas ! was too much practised in Hypocrisy, and, taking little Notice of my Condescensions, still rode on, 'till we came to this Spot, and then dismounting me and himself, and forcing me to sit down, obliged me to hear his nauseous Courtship, which I did, with a Shew of Patience, which I wonder how I had Policy to assume ; but I flattered myself with a Hope, that, since he would not go back, if I could sooth him with a Belief, that I would consent to be his Wife when we came to whatever Town or City he intended to carry me, I should there, by relating my Name, Quality, and the Manner in which I had been betrayed, find some to take my Part, which I had no Imagination of doing in this desert Place : But, 'tis probable, that very same Suggestion which made me act in this Manner, was the Occasion of his proceeding as he immediately did ; for, resolving to disappoint all the Schemes I might be forming for my future Escape ; Since then, Madam, said he, you consent to be my Wife, you are so in Effect, nor ought you to be offended if I take those Privileges which are a Husband's Due. — These Words, which were followed by Actions suited to them, obliged me to throw off all Disguise,

Disguise ; Monster, cry'd I, dar'st thou believe thy brutal Wishes shall succeed in Indignities such as these ? ——— I'll die first ! ——— No, answered he, you shall not die ; nor shall you live to be any other's than mine ; and since the Possession of you *now*, is all that can ensure me the Possession of you *hereafter* ; this Moment I will take it. ——— Nothing can be more surprizing to me than that the Violence of my Rage, my Terror, and Despair of any Assistance in this unfrequented Place, did not deprive me of my Senses : but sure I was inspired with more than mortal Strength, and, Heaven whom I invok'd unceasing, actuated these Limbs to do Wonders in the Defence of my Honour. ——— Resolute as he was, he was oblig'd to have Recourse to Threats, and drawing a Dagger, swore he would stab me, if I yielded not ; I was about to run on the Point of it, by that, then only visible Means, to escape a worse Evil than Death ; when you, whom I shall ever account my Guardian Angel, appeared, and saved me.

With this Compliment, continued the disconsolate D'AMOIS, did the divine LARISSA conclude the little Narrative I entreated her to make me ; but though I found she had a Stock of Tenderness in her Nature sufficient to have induced her to commiserate the Misfortunes she occasioned, yet her strict Adherence to her Duty overcame it ; — Nor could all my Pressures, nor all those rack-ing Agonies, which it was impossible for
me

me to conceal, prevail on her to consent either to receive my Visits, or Letters. — Struck to the Soul at the Impossibility of ever being happy, I resolved to be no longer miserable, and was about to plunge that Sword which was yet reeking with the Blood of her Ravisher, into the Breast of her Adorer. — This Weapon, said I, is fated

to be the Punisher of Presumption, and I beg, that when I am dead it may be preserved and consecrated to your Beauty ; with these Words, I set the Hilt to the Ground, and was going to throw myself with all my Force upon it, when, suddenly starting up, and catching hold of me, What are you doing ! cry'd she ; Is it a Proof of Love to render miserable the Object of one's Passion ?

—— Could you believe I should ever know a happy Hour in Life, after having seen expire before me, and for my Sake, the Man to whom I owe my Life, and, what is infinitely more dear, my Honour ?

—— Ah Madam ! answered I, if you thought yourself obliged for either to the unhappy D' AMOIS, you would not wish him the Continuance of Torments far worse than Death. We had a vast deal of Discourse to the same Purpose ; but the Despair she had been Witness of, was of no more Effect to prevail on her to admit of my Addresses, than my Tenderness had been before ; yet, though this cruel Charmer would grant me nothing, she proved the Power she had over me, in extorting from me a Vow, the most solemn that Words
could

could form, that I would attempt nothing against my Life. ——— I attended her till she came in Sight of her Father's House, but she then desired I would retire, fearing, as she said, That her Father might not have Tenderness enough for her to give me the Retributions, which the Service I had done might expect from him; and gave me no other Consolation at parting, than telling me, She would represent to him the Obligations she had received from me, and endeavour to prevail on him to be grateful. But she spoke not this in a Manner as if she expected to succeed: ——— Nor is there any Probability, my little Merits should have any Effect on his obdurate Nature, when those of your Lordship, engaged in my Behalf, wanted the Power to move him; ——— *Hope* is therefore dead, and what can Life afford, but endless Cares, the Racks of Thought, and a black Scene of unintermitting Woe?

Here ceas'd the unhappy Lover, and on considering the Particulars of what he had informed me, I found indeed there was little more to the Advantage of his Passion to be expected from the Affability of LARISSA, than from the ill Nature of her Father; but, concealing my Sentiments in that Point, I advised him to try all Means to obtain another Interview with her. I represented how much beneath a Man of Spirit it was, to yield tamely to the Invasion of Despair: Would you, said I, boldly make a Visit to the Count De CHEVREUX, I think it hardly

hardly possible he can treat you with ill Manners after the Benefit he has received from you ; and who knows how far it may work upon him to be grateful ? he is every Thing in Excess, and if he once takes it into his Head to esteem you, he will do it to some Purpose. There is nothing certainly so timorous as a Lover, as a celebrated Poet says : That Passion inclines its Votaries to Actions, which rather impede than forward their Designs : Tho' D' AMOIS had all the Pretence imaginable, for going to enquire in what Condition the Lady was, after her late Fright, yet it was not without the utmost Difficulty I persuaded him to it : And indeed I wish'd, after that, I had not ; for he got no other Advantage from it, than at first some few cold Civilities from the Count, who told him, He was informed, by his Daughter, of the Accident that had happened to her, and of his timely Assistance ; — He said he must own himself obliged to him ; and that if he would name any Means by which he could return the Favour, he would willingly do it : — Our Lover, growing bold on this Encouragement, declared, That the ill Success I had met with, in my Sollicitations for him, had not been sufficient to check the Growth of his Passion, and that he must still continue to wish there were a Possibility of becoming worthy of LARISSA : At this, the old Count threw off the Mask of Complaisance he had put on, and plainly told him he must

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not

not think of his Daughter, and if no other Recompence was sufficient to content him, he might seek for a Reward elsewhere: ——— This Usage so exasperated the enflamed D' AMOIS, that had it been any other than the Father of LARISSA, he had resented it in a Manner his Passion now would not give him Leave to do: ——— He answered him, however, in Terms which the other, insolent on his Quality, could not well endure, and the Quarrel between them rose to as great a Height as Words could do. I was glad to find at his Return, that there was Room in his Soul for any Passion besides Love; and I may say, this little Rage was of some Service to him, for it kept him, for some Time, from indulging that Melancholy he seem'd before but too much inclin'd to.

This Adventure soon became the Talk of the whole Country, and the Count De CHEVREUX was so much condemned by every Body, that he was obliged in his Defence to have Recourse to an Invention, which one would imagine no one of Noble Blood, could so far debase himself to form: When any one reminded him of the Obligations he had to D' AMOIS, and that in Honour he could do no less than give his Daughter to the Man who had preserved her; he told them, That it was all a Fiction; That LARISSA, having unworthily bestowed her Affections on that young Chevalier, had joined with him in this Stratagem, in hopes to gain his Consent to marry him: ———

But

But that, in Reality, there was nothing in the Story of her having been carried away by the *Steward*, or the other's rescuing her from him. This Pretence, though known to be a false one by most People, serv'd him as an Answer to all who reproached him with his Ingratitude, and none, without plainly giving him the Lye, could urge any more in the Behalf of my unfortunate Friend, who, poor Gentleman! weary'd with continued Anguish, and utterly void of Hope, either of obtaining his Desires, or *extinguishing* them, at least, while so near the charming Object, sought Relief by Travel.

—— He went to *Rome* : —— I had Two Letters from him, since his Arrival there ; but have since been able to hear nothing of him ; which makes me fear, he has, at last, made Use of some fatal Remedy.

Take Care, therefore, my dear *Baron*, continued the *Marshal*, how you receive into your Breast that powerful Enemy of Repose : —— Insensible of Beauty as you have hitherto been, there may be a Charmer in the World, whose Sight may instantly reverse your Sentiments, and should you yield even but to entertain the pleasing Idea, it will too soon spread itself through all your Faculties, engross your Soul, and make your very Reason subservient to its Sway. *De Brosse* answered to these Words, no otherwise, than with a forced Smile, and that the *Marshal* might not prosecute a Discourse which was but too alarming to

him, turn'd it on the strange Perverseness and Ingratitude of the *Count De CHEVREUX*. While they were talking, a Messenger brought Word, that *Madam De MONBRAY*, Sister to the *Marshal*, was just arrived at *Villemaur*, and coming in at the Gate :

—— He rose to welcome her, with all the Demonstrations of Joy a Brother could give a Sister, whom he tenderly loved. ——

The *Baron*, though, for some Reasons, he was not very well pleased at her coming, could not avoid paying those Civilities which her Quality demanded from him : which having done, he retired, to take a Walk, as tho' to give those near and dear Relations Liberty of entertaining one another with greater Freedom ; but, in Reality, to indulge his own Contemplations.

When he reflected on the Story of *D' AMOIS*, the Pride and ill Nature of the Count, gave him but little Hope, that if he should make any Proposals to him, he should succeed better than that unhappy Gentleman : —— But then, when he remembered with how much less Reserve he had been treated by that beautiful Lady than that with which the *Marshal* had told him she behaved to the other, though indebted to him for a much greater Service than she had received from him, he began to entertain some little Hope, that he might be able to obtain from herself that which there was not a Probability of prevailing on her Father to grant : —— The strict Observance of her filial Obedience gave him
some

some Pain ; but flattering himself with the Thoughts, that there was a Possibility for her to have seen something in him more pleasing than she had found in D' AMOIS, he was now too good a Judge of Love, not to know there were no Ties or Obligations of Force to withstand its Enchantments : Rapt in these pleasing Ideas, he was, for some Moments in an imaginary Heaven ; but soon the sweet Illusion fled, and a Scene of confused Perplexities appear'd. —

When he considered the Arrival of *Madam De MONBRAY*, he fell into as deep a *Chagrin* as before he had been in of *Extacy*.

— That Lady, while a Wife, had given him many Reasons to perceive she was possess'd with a Passion for him of more than ordinary Violence. — She was now a Widow, and in her Eyes he read, she had not buried her Desires in the Tomb of her dead Husband ; he doubted not, but that it was because he was at *Villemaur*, that she had made her Brother this Visit, and foresaw a World of Embarrassments, in his new Passion, would arise from her continued Affection. He remained in these Cogitations 'till a Servant came to let him know his Company was desired within : it was with a very little Share of Inclination he obey'd this Summons, but good Manners and Decency must be considered ; — Though every Glance that Lady gave him, serv'd to confirm him in the Knowledge that she had still the same Sentiments for him as ever, and the Pains that the one took to be observed, and

and the other not to observe, would have been diverting enough to any disinterested Person: But the *Marshal*, who was intirely ignorant of what passed in either of their Hearts, often wondered at the Reason of his Sister's affecting a Gaiety so much more than she was accustomed to put on, and *De Brosse*, a Reserve, and kind of Sullenness, which he used to be the Reverse of: ——— He could not forbear saying, Two or Three Times, that he believed his Sister, and the *Baron*, had changed Dispositions; but, though neither of them was at a Loss what had occasioned this Reflection, yet neither of them took any Notice of it. ——— After Supper, the *Marshal* happening to go to the other End of the Room, to give some Orders to a Domestick in Waiting, *Madam De Monbray* took that Opportunity of slipping a Note into the *Baron's* Hand, which, it not being proper, at that Time, for him to read, he put into his Pocket, and, when he went to his Chamber, opened, and found it contained these Words.

To the Insensible *De Brosse*.

I Need not tell you, I took this Journey on Purpose to see you; my Behaviour, when in a Circumstance which rendered it less innocent, has sufficiently demonstrated, I have no View in Life, but what terminates in you. ——— O that there were but a Possibility for you to comprehend

hence what 'tis to love, though you could not reward, you would cease to wonder at, or blame the Effects of that Almighty Passion in me.—— I cannot live without you, and am now resolved to know, to what you have destin'd a Soul, which, if it has sinned in wishing to inspire you with an equal Susceptibility, now may own, without a Crime, that all its Faculties are yours! —— Answer me, I conjure you; but not 'till you have considered, that on what you say, depends the Life, or Death, of

The Passionate

MONBRAY.

Though the Baron, from the former Behaviour of this Lady, expected nothing more than such a passionate Declaration, yet the Certainty gave him a Vexation impossible to express: —— He doubted not but the Violence of her Temper would transport her at length to break the Matter to her Brother; and that his refusing an Offer, which had so much the Appearance of Advantage to him, would occasion an irreconcilable Breach between them. —— The Friendship of the Marquiss was very valuable to him; but when he considered, that, by the Loss of that, he should also be deprived of the Means of being near LARISSA, he was inconsolable: But being

ing of an active Disposition, and not very liable to fall into Despair, while there appeared the least Glimmer of a Hope, though never so distant a one, to enlighten him; he resolved to go the next Day to visit the fair Daughter of the *Count De CHEVREUX*: As he came not in Quality of a Lover, he could not doubt but the Adventure of the Coach would be a sufficient Introduction, and the natural Vivacity of his Spirit, and the conscious Impression he had made on *Madam de MONBRAY*, and many other Ladies, gave him some little Encouragement to hope, that if he could get an Opportunity of entertaining that young Beauty, unknown to her Father, that he might find her more susceptible than *D'AMOIS* had done. With this Design he rose, and happening to meet the *Marshal* in the Gallery, as he was passing through it, told him, He had a mind to visit the *Count*, only for the Sake of whom, to see in what Manner he would receive him. — Take heed, cry'd the *Marshal*, laughing, that you prove not a Second *D'AMOIS*; the Eyes of *LARISSA* have not lost their Power of charming, nor lavish'd all their Influence on that unhappy Wanderer. Had these Words been dictated by Curiosity, the Countenance of *De Brosse* had gratified his Design; but as they were spoke but in Rallery, he regarded not the Blushes they caused there. — Sensible of his Confusion, and willing to conceal it as much as possible — You know, my Lord! answered he, with a forced Smile, I have seen their Force, yet believe you perceive not the least Symptom of

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a Lover

a Lover in me, and I hope all whom your Lordship favours with your Friendship, will not be guilty of that Weakness. I hope so too, reply'd the other; and, to speak seriously, dare answer, that if you never are guilty of any other Weakness than that, you will be the most perfect Man alive. Nothing farther pass'd between them, and the *Baron*, as soon as his Coach could be got ready, ordered immediately it should be drove to the *Count de CHEVREUX*. He was received by that Gentleman, with more Civility than he expected: He not only made him many handsome Compliments for the Aid he had given his Daughter, but also asked, If he would accompany him to her Chamber? She is, said he, confined to her Bed by the Hurt she received in her Fall; but I suppose her Modesty will not be unmannerly enough to make any Scruple in admitting the Man to whom she is indebted that she is not worse, especially when he is introduced by a Father. The Heart of *De Brosse* swelled with immoderate Ecstasy at this obliging Offer; but being the most capable of any Man that ever lived of disguising his Sentiments, and well knowing, that to seem too eager, might cause Suspicion, answered him in such a Manner, as might be taken only for bare Complaisance.——While a Servant was sent to know if she were awake, they fell into some Discourse of the *Marshal*, wherein the *Count* seemed to complain of the ill Treatment he had received from him, by aiming at making a Match between his Daughter, and the *Chevalier D'Amors*, who, he

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said,

said, could no way pretend to her. To all which, the Replies of the *Baron* were such as would have made any Person, though of the most penetrating Judgment, believe him wholly disinterested in the Affair: But, as artful as he had hitherto behaved himself, how difficult was it for him, when in the Presence of *LARISSA*, to conceal those tumultuous Emotions which this Second Sight of her raised in his Soul? ——— How near was he to undoing all his Stratagems, by throwing himself at her Feet, and confessing, in his Tremblings, his Adoration? ——— Not all his Presence of Mind, than which never Man had more, could have enabled him to conceal what 'twas he felt from any curious Observer, if the kind *LARISSA* had not immediately perceived his Disorder, and dreading the Effect of such a Discovery, begged her Father to come to the Bedside, having, she told him, a Word or two to speak of the utmost Importance for him to know that Moment ——— And detained him there, 'till she perceived the *Baron*, on whom she still kept her Eye, had a little recovered his Colour and Assurance. ———

It was something wonderful, that so young a Creature, she not exceeding Sixteen Years of Age, and one whose Knowledge what it was to love, could date its *Æra* from the *Baron's*, should exceed him, who, in other Things, was a perfect Master of the Art of Dissimulation: As it was only some trifling domestick Affair, which she had found to amuse him, he blamed her ill Manners, for letting the Person, to whom she had been so
much

much obliged, stand unregarded ; but she little valued what Censure he, or even *De Brosse* himself, might pass on her want of Breeding, in Comparison of the Danger she had preserved him from, of being discovered to be a Lover, and consequently banished for Ever from her Sight.——She asked Pardon of him, however, in the most complaisant Terms, and the *Baron* experiencing by this Turn, not only the Poignancy of her Wit, but also the Kindness she had for him, was in no Danger of relapsing into that Confusion of Mind, which she had alone remarked, and so carefully concealed.——He had now but one Passion to restrain, and that was Joy, and that his Character of Gaiety and Cheerfulness prevented from being suspected :——A Thousand Times he told the Charmer of his Soul, with his Eyes, how sensible he was of her late Goodness, and she as often returned those Declarations with Looks which demonstrated what she had done, proceeded not from Contempt, but a far contrary Motive :——Having no Opportunity to express in Words, what both their Minds were equally full of, they contented themselves with this dumb Rhetorick, and left not a Moment unemployed to convey, as intelligibly as they could, each other's Meanings. In spite of the Pleasure the enamoured *Baron* took in this Conversation, he would not, by his Indiscretion, forfeit all Hopes of it for the future.——He therefore made but a short Visit, and at parting, told the *Count* in a free, tho' respectful, Manner, That, if he would permit

him, he would sometimes favour himself so far, as to call and enquire of his Health as he pass'd by to take the Air; and the other telling him, he should be glad to see him, they parted, without knowing they had any Reason to be dissatisfied with each other.

The *Baron* was now all Ecstasy, a Thousand chearful ravishing Ideas were his Companions home : ——— Rapt in the Imagination he was beloved by *LARISSA*, or, at least, that he had gone no inconsiderable Way in inspiring her with that Passion, all other Considerations seemed unworthy his Regard : ——— He quite forgot *Madam De MONBRAY*, and the Answer she expected from him, 'till seeing her at the Gate, where her Impatience had carried her to wait his Return, her reproaching Eyes reminded him, that something must be done to prevent her flying into any Extrems. He would have been very much at a Loss how to behave, had he been now left alone with her; but, fortunately, to give him Time for Reflection, his Coach had no sooner driven away, than a Chariot came, with Two Ladies in it, who hearing that *Madam De MONBRAY* was at her Brother's, were come to visit her : ——— Neither of them being Strangers to the *Baron*, he joyn'd Company with them. ——— The first Civilities being over, the fair Widow, who had not the Power of restraining herself from speaking of what so much took up her Thoughts, began to rally the *Baron* publickly on the old Theme of his Insensibility, and asked the Ladies, If they could

could inform her whether he had met with any Charms at *Villemaur*, which had yet made him lose that Character? So far from it Madam, answered one of them, whose Name was HENRIETTA, that he treats us all with a Coldness, which, I assure you, has very much humbled the Opinion we had of our Beauty:

—— But I cannot think the Fault is in his Constitution: —— He has rather left some Charmer behind him in *Paris*, whose Idea is a Defence against all the Attractions we can boast. No, I assure you, resum'd Madam De MONBRAY, the Ladies there make just the same Complaint of him, and all agree, that he is either the most difficult, or reserv'd, Man on Earth: There is little of the latter to be seen in his Conversation, said the Lady who had not spoke before, and if he has any as to the Affairs of Love, it is still owing to the former; —— 'Tis so, indeed, cried HENRIETTA, interrupting her, and proves a vast Insufficiency, either in our Sex's Charms, or his Capacity of discerning them. Very well, Ladies, reply'd the *Baron*, I see, let a Man do what he will, he must be the Subject, either of your Displeasure, or Contempt; If he is a general Lover, he is avoided by the Women of Honour: —— If he is constant to one, he is laughed at by the rest; a Thousand Faults are found, or made, to make his Choice appear ridiculous: —— And if, with all the Difficulty in the World, he maintains his Liberty among you, he is branded with the Names of stupid, dull, insensible, and what not? —— To escape which, said the
Marshal,

Marshal, just entering, if I were in your Place, I would make Love to them all, in their Turns——Set them a raving with Jealousy of each other——Forsake them——And humble the Pride of an imperious Sex, who wish to conquer, but to enslave and tyrannize. O hideous! cry'd HENRIETTA, what a malicious Revenge have you found out?——But sure, my Lord, you do not think any of us weak enough to be shock'd at the Inconstancy of Mankind!——All of you are, answered he; though you despise the Man, you doat upon the Flatterer.——I have seen a Lady in Fits, at the Loss of a Fellow, who had no other Pretence to her Favour, than telling her, she was extravagantly charming, and yet could bear the Death of one of the best, and most deserving, Husbands in the World, with all the Fortitude and Resignation imaginable. Fye, Brother! returned Madam De MONBRAY, you are too severe:——I do not think there are any such Creatures; but, suppose you should have known one such, must you therefore throw an Asperision on the whole Sex? What the *Marshal* has said, Madam! resumed De Brosse, has, doubtless, been to retaliate the Railery, which was beginning to grow too severe on us.——I am infinitely obliged to him for coming to my Relief, who am already too little in your good Graces, to have dar'd to have alledged any thing by Way of Retort. There pass'd between them a great deal of agreeable Chit-chat, and the Company parting not 'till it was late, delivered the *Baron*, for that Day, from

from the Persecutions he expected from Madam De MONBRAY.

Night being the best Time for Reflection, he made use of it to consider in what Manner he should answer the *Billet* he had receiv'd from Madam De MONBRAY; he was unwilling to drive her to Extreame, he dreaded nothing so much as her acquainting the *Marshal* with the Passion she had for him, which his Inability of returning, might occasion a total Breach between them, and by that Means, he should be removed too great a Distance from his adored LARISSA, to hope any Benefit by the favourable Beginnings of the Acquaintance he had with her; for which Reason, therefore, he thought it best to counterfeit a Kindness for that Lady, at least, so much as should keep her from Despair: And believing she would be impatient for his Answer, wrote her one in the following Words.

To Madam De MONBRAY.

ALL Beauties have not Charms for all Hearts: I confess, it was a long Time before I knew what it was to languish, and when I first had the Blessing of seeing you, there was not a Possibility of avowing a Passion, without attempting an Injustice, which the Man who truly loves, will never dare even to wish: But as you are now in a Condition, both to receive, and to reward Affection, and condescend so far,
as

as to assure me, you are willing to do both: I should be as great a Prodigy of Ingratitude, as you are of Goodness, to continue any longer,

The Insensible

De BROSSE.

It was as much as he could do to bring himself to write these few Lines, nor did he approve of them after he had done: He imagined she would take them, as they were rather the Effects of a forced Complaisance, than real Tenderness, and would rather take it as an Affront to her Beauty, than any Demonstration of the Power of it; yet could not he dictate any otherwise: ——— No Man, before he was really touched with that Passion, could put on an Air of more insinuating Softness, yet no Man now, attempted it with more Reluctance, or, indeed, performed it with more Awkwardness. ——— So strangely does Love transform the Sentiments and Soul of a Person possessed with it, that what, in our Days of Indifference, was most easy to us, then seems difficult; and those Things which we thought most hard to be accomplished, we go through with Pleasure. De Brosse finding it impossible to dissemble better, folded up his *Billet*, and then went to Bed: We are not to suppose, with an Intent

to sleep, he had Ideas too engaging to suffer the stupid God of Night to snatch him from them: ——— He was contriving in what Manner he should address the charming LARISSA, when he had an Opportunity (as he flattered himself with the Hope of soon enjoying) and forming long Discourses to be held between himself, and that Lady. In those pleasing Contemplations the Morning found him, and then bethinking himself what he had to do that Day, he rose: The first Person he saw, after he left his Chamber, was Madam De MONBRAY, and it was well for him he had the Letter writ; she was already grown impatient at his Delay, and had arm'd her Eyes with Fury and Disdain. ——— He saw it, and by a submissive Bow, and tender Air, soon engaged her to exchange those Looks of Anger, for others the most soft and amorous: Giving her the Paper, Madam, said he, be pleased to read that, and do me the Justice to believe what it contains, are the Dictates of a Mind the most sensibly touched with your transcendant Goodness, and as sincere as Truth itself. There requires no more, answered she, to make me the happiest of my Sex, and to do every thing in my Power, to raise you to be the Envy of yours. ——— Common Decency, as I am so lately a Widow, forbids the immediate Consummation of our Loves, therefore let us conceal the Affair for a Time: ——— I shall content myself with the Knowledge of your Affection, and be you satisfied with the Assurance I give you, of rewarding it as soon as *Decorum* will

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permit.

permit. If she had known the Pleasure these Words gave to him, to whom they were addressed, she would have been but little satisfied with it ; but he had too much Prudence to wear, at this Time, his Soul in his Eyes ; and disguising his Joy in the Appearance of Concern, told her, with a well dissembled Sigh, that what she alledged, was too just for him to offer any Argument to the contrary ; and whatever he might suffer in this Delay of the Happiness she had made him hope, he would never persuade her to any Thing to the Prejudice of her Glory. She made no other Answer to these obliging Expressions, than a Smile and a tender Glance, being prevented from speaking by the *Marshal*, who was coming into the Room.

The Advantage it was to his Passion to be so near his adorable LARISSA, enabled him to carry on the Deceit with *Madam De MONBRAY*, in so artful a Manner, that she grew perfectly satisfied of the Sincerity of his Affection. In the mean Time, he frequently visited at the House of the *Count De CHEVREUX*, and was very well received by him, it being the least of his Suspicions, as well as of the *Marshal*, or *Madam De MONBRAY*, that he had any Design in keeping up an Acquaintance there, beyond what proceeded from a bare Civility. He had not, however, as yet, the good Fortune to have once met with an Opportunity of entertaining LARISSA out of her Father's Presence, and began to fear it would be so long

long, before he should, that some Accident or other might happen to discover the Feint he had put on *Madam De MONBRAY*. To prevent which, he bethought himself of a Method which he hoped would let him into some Part of the Inclinations of that young Lady : ——— He remembered, that in the Story of the *Chevalier D' AMOIS*, the *Marshal* had made mention of a Woman that belong'd to her in whom she very much confided, and having informed himself that she still was with her, and which was she, he resolved to endeavour to make her so much his Friend, as to undertake to deliver a Letter from him to her Lady : A Purse of *Lewis-D'Ores*, and some obliging Expressions, perswaded her to do as he desired. The Letter he writ, was in this Manner.

To the most Adorable LARISSA.

*T*O a Genius so excellent, so extensive as that to which I am writing, it would be altogether needless to defend the Argument, how impossible it is to conceal a Passion which engrosses the Soul. ——— I am certain that not only the Theory of Love; but the Experience you have had, of as many Adorers, as you have had Beholders, has convinced you, That tho' the Tongue may be restrained, the Eyes, in spite of Awe, will speak. ———

I am sensible mine no sooner saw you, than

they declared the Dictates of my Heart, and I hope so much from your Mercy, that you will not too severely condemn what you cannot but have observed; ——— To expect any greater Reward than your Compassion for my Sufferings, would be an Arrogance, which he who adores in the Manner I do, cannot be guilty of; ——— No, Madam! all I entreat, is to be rank'd in the Number of your Votaries; ——— Be so good to permit me sometimes to approach You with these humble and distant Offerings of a Heart entirely Yours, and the Loss of Liberty will be glorious. ——— Believe me, most divine LARISSA! my Passion, violent as it is, shall never abuse the Condescensions You make in receiving any Proofs of it, but always be restrained within those Bounds which become

The Humblest of your Slaves,

De BROSSE.

Full of the Perplexities and Fears incident to Love, did he go the next Day to the Place where she had promised to meet him, in Expectation of an Answer. ——— He had not waited above half a Quarter of an Hour, before the punctual Emiffary appeared, and after having dwelt a little on the Difficulty she had, in accomplishing what he had entrusted to her Care, presented

presented him with the longed for *Billet*, which opening, with a Mixture of Hope and Fear, he found contained these Lines.

To the Accomplished *Baron*
De BROSSE.

THE Obligations I have to you, permit me not to resent, as perhaps I otherwise should do, the Liberty You have taken in writing to me. — I say, the Obligations; for if any other Motive induces me to accept the Offer You make me of your Heart, it would ill become me to confess it, 'till I am as perfectly acquainted with your Sincerity, as I am with those other good Qualities which justly render You so valuable in the World. — To entertain a Correspondence of this Nature, without the Knowledge of the Count De CHEVREUX, I should look on as an unpardonable Fault, could I evade it without Ingratitude to You. — Let then, to the Services You have done me, the Grant of what You ask, be imputed; for though I allow your Merits to be infinitely superior to what I can hope to find in any other Man, yet I would rather do a Violence to my own Inclinations, than to the Duty I owe a Parent. — I depend on the Assurance You give me, That You will proceed no farther in your Demands than shall be consonant to Honour and

and that Obedience I resolve to persevere in ; and in that Confidence shall make no Scruple of receiving and answering your Letters as often as You shall have Leisure to think on

LARISSA.

It must be to the Reader's Imagination I must be indebted for an Idea of that Rapture which now was the Portion of *De Brosse* ! All Words would come far short of what he felt : ———

That unfeigned Ecstasy which sparkled in his Eyes, and diffus'd itself through all his Air, sufficiently demonstrated to the observing *Confidant*, the unutterable Pleasure she had procured him : ——— All that can be conceived of soft, of tender, he utter'd of the incomparable *LARISSA* ; and all of grateful, and obliging, to the kind Maid, by whose Means he had obtained this Blessing.

Not one Day, after this, pass'd without his giving her, by Letters, farther Proofs of his Passion ; and she, by her Answers, of a favourable Reception of it : He continued all the while to visit the *Count De Chevreux*, as he had been accustomed ; and they had the Opportunity of confirming, by the Language of the Eyes, what their Pens had declared, and what their
Tongues

Tongues were impatient to avow. — But this was not sufficient to content a Love so impatient, as was his : He long'd to throw himself at her Feet ; — He panted to breathe a Thousand tender Sighs upon her Hand : — These distant Adorations, gave him not the Power to express the mighty Sense he had of her transcendant Goodness ; he never left pressing her to grant him one private Interview, in a Manner so irresistible, that she at last consented : — CHARLOTTE, her faithful Woman, was the Person employ'd to bring it about, which she did by giving him Admittance, when all the rest of the Family were in Bed, at a back Gate, which opened from the Garden.

I am sensible, that to go about to make any Description of the Ecstasy with which he saw her thus alone, and without the cruel Necessity of laying that Restraint he had been obliged to observe in all his Words and Actions, would have more the Air of a *Romance* than of a *true History*, in the Opinion of the Generality of my Readers : — Those few, — Those very few who love, or have loved like him, can only guess what 'twas he felt, and to them it will be needless to say, that the Joy which on such an Occasion rises in the transported Soul, is far beyond what any Representation can give an Idea of : Never were Moments so felicitous, than those they pass together, 'till the *Baron*, growing bold on her discovered Tenderness, pressed for a
greater

greater Confirmation of it, than Words could give him; he told her, He could not be perfectly satisfied, while he knew there was a Possibility of her being another's, to prevent which, he intreated she would permit him to bring a Priest with him, the next Opportunity she allowed him of coming himself: But this LARISSA would by no means consent to, and express'd a little Anger that he should proceed so far.

—— I have too much transgressed against the Duty which I owe my Father, said she, in receiving your Addresses, and I am afraid against the Modesty of my Sex, in admitting this midnight Visit: —— The Encroachment of this Demand, sufficiently shews me the Error I have been guilty of, and will instruct me, for the future, to be more cautious. It was to no purpose that he endeavoured to convince her, that his Designs tended wholly to her Honour: She could not be persuaded to believe, That there could be a more blameable Action, than to dispose of herself contrary to her Father's Inclination; and all he could say, nor the secret Wishes of her own Soul, in his Behalf, had the Efficacy to make her so much as promise, she never would marry any other Man. —— She confess'd, indeed, That of all his Sex, he was the most agreeable to her; that she could not promise herself any thing but Misery in being the Wife of another: —— But withal, assured him, That if the *Count* should absolutely insist on her giving her *Hand*, though
it

it were even where her *Heart* was most averſe, ſhe ſhould make no Scruple of ſacrificing her eternal Peace; nay, though it ſhould coſt her her Life, to be juſt to that Obedience ſhe thought there was no diſpenſing with, without becoming the moſt criminal and abandon'd Woman on Earth.

— She pronounced theſe Words with a Spirit and Manner, which made the *Baron* know it would not be without a prodigious Difficulty ſhe would be brought to recede from the Reſolution they contained: —

He began now to think his Condition as unhappy, as ſome Moments before he did the Reverse. He was beloved, 'tis true, by the charming *LARISSA*: but then the little Advantage he was ever like to receive by her Paſſion, gave him only this melancholy Conſolation, that ſhe muſt bear a Part in his Anxieties: It was in vain, that Love and Wit lent him their Powers to plead his Cauſe: — In vain he ſwore not

to outlive the cruel Knowledge of his Fate! — In vain he rav'd! — In vain he wept! — The ſteady Fair, fix'd in Obedience, endur'd, unmov'd, the Storm of his Deſpair and Grief, and perceiving the tender Things ſhe ſaid were of no Efficacy to allay the Violence of it, — Ungrateful Man! cry'd ſhe, can nothing but my rendering myſelf unworthy of your Love, content you? — What Assurance could you have of Duty from a Woman, when yours, who muſt forfeit it to become ſo?

— That to a Father, I look on as the
I moſt

most sacred, and could I once consent to violate that, might justly be suspected to be lyable to the Breach of any other less binding Obligations.——Here the *Baron* answered her, with a long Argument, to prove, that the Tyes between Husband and Wife, were infinitely more binding than those to Parents: ——But he might as well have spared himself the Pains, she either could not, or would not be convinced, and, it growing towards Morning, he was obliged to leave her in this Mind, being able to obtain nothing more from her, than her Permission to come the next Night again, and a Promise, that she would endeavour all she could, without directly opposing her Father's Will, to preserve herself for him, who she still acknowledged to prefer, in her Inclinations, to all Mankind beside.

The Thoughts of this disappointed Lover; were not more confus'd, than, at his Return, he found the Family of *Marshal TURENNE*; his Servant informed him, that late in the Evening, there had come *Le Sieur de MARRAMONT*, Brother to *HENRIETTA*, and that Lady, in Tears: ——That they continued in the Closet of the *Marshal* for a considerable Time, and when they departed, it was with all the Signs of the highest Indignation on both Sides: ——That after they had left the House, the *Marshal* inquired earnestly for the *Baron*, had sent in Search of him to every Place where there was a Probability he might be found, and express'd the utmost Dissatisfaction at his Absence: ——That Madam

De

De MONBRAY, and he, had soon after a long Conference, which ended in the most violent Quarrel; and that she had ordered her Equipage to be got ready, in order to leave the House the next Day. As much Satisfaction as the *Baron* felt at the latter Part of this Account, which promised him so speedy a Deliverance from his Task of Dissimulation, he was very uneasy at the former: ——— He had observed something that looked like a too great Intimacy between the *Marshal* and *Mademoiselle MARRAMONT*, which, he doubted not, was now discovered by her Brother, and could form to himself no Reason for the *Marshal's* Impatience of speaking with him, but to engage him as a Second, which gave him a sensible Alarm, because *Le Sieur de MARRAMONT* was a near Relation of the *Count De CHEVREUX*, and very much beloved by him. ——— To engage in this Quarrel, he knew would infallibly destroy all the little Interest he had in the Father of *LARISSA*, and take from him the Means of ever seeing her more in Publick, and, perhaps, disoblige her too much also to hope any future private Interviews: ——— And to refuse the *Marshal* such a Request, was neither consonant to his Honour, nor to the Obligations he had to him. The Confusion of his Thoughts made him know, it would be impossible for him to take any Rest: He therefore endeavoured it not, and, instead of going to Bed, he went to take a Walk in the Garden, where he had not been long, before the *Marshal* came to him, having given Orders to be waked as soon as the *Baron*

ran came home. ——— My dear *De Brosse*,
 said he, accosting him, I need not tell you
 the Impatience I have been in for your Return;
 the Business I have to communicate, will suf-
 ficiently inform you how necessary it is for
 me to be speedily acquainted with your Deter-
 mination in an Affair, which will give you
 the greatest Opportunity in the World of
 proving that Friendship you have often made
 Professions of, and which, I flatter myself,
 you really have for me. It must be some-
 thing very extraordinary, indeed, replied the
Baron, that I should not gladly undertake to
 testify the Sense I have of the many Favours
 you have heaped upon me: ——— I beg, there-
 fore, you will not keep my Expectation on
 the Rack, by delaying one Moment the Com-
 mands you have for me. I will immediately
 make you acquainted with every thing, re-
 sumed the *Marshal*; but first intreat, you will
 inform me in one Affair, since it is on your
 Answer in that, depends a Possibility of your
 being able to comply with my Request in the
 rest. It is, but ——— continued he, embrac-
 ing him, I beg you will answer with Sincerity;
 if there has pass'd between my Sister and you,
 any more than superficial Gallantry? ———
 In fine, I desire to know, if she has had the
 Power to make you abate of that Indifference
 you have professed for the whole Sex, and if
 the Kindness she confesses for you, has pro-
 ceeded to Engagements, such as you cannot
 dispence with? Had the dread Messenger of
 Fate, that Instant appeared before the Eyes of
 the amazed *De Brosse*, and summon'd him
 to

to answer at the eternal Bar, scarce could he have been more confounded ! more alarm'd !

—— He found the Secret, which he so much dreaded, was revealed ; but the last Words of the *Marshal* giving Reason to believe, he rather wished him insensible of her Passion, than the contrary, filled him with a strange Surprise : —— The Perplexity he was in, kept him some Moments from replying, and when he did, it was in so mysterious a Way, that the other was as much in the Dark as ever ; 'till pressing him to explain himself, and adjuring him to speak nothing but the Truth, he at last obeyed him, in acknowledging, it was not in his Power to feel any thing for that Lady, but what ~~Gratitude~~ *Gratitude* inspired for the unsought Regard she paid him. A visible Satisfaction spread itself all over the Face of the *Marshal* at this Assurance : And again taking him in his Arms, and pressing him to his Bosom more tenderly than before ; Since then, said he, the Devoirs which *Madam De MONBRAY* pretends to have received from you, have been no more than the Effects of Complaisance, and your Heart is yet at Liberty to receive the Impression of a beautiful Idea, give me leave to recommend an Object than which you will find few more lovely in the World ; and to give to her exterior Charms the greater Lustre, she is of an eminent Extraction, and has a Fortune large enough to encourage the noblest Aims. —— After what I have said, added he, I think I need not say, 'tis *Mademoiselle HENRIETTA de MARRAMONT* that I mean. The Bowels
of

of VESUVIA glowed not with a stronger Red, or more inveterate Heat, than did the Cheeks of De Brosse at the mention of HENRIETTA's Name: Amazement, joyn'd with a rising Indignation, now stopp'd the Utterance of his Words, as his Suspence had done before.

—— To have an Overture of Marriage made him with a Woman, who he was sensible had been profuse of her Favours to another, and by the very Man who had experienced her lavish'd Softness, was an Indignity his Spirit could not brook with Patience; but when he considered how much he was obliged, how much he might be favoured by the Interest of this *Marshal*, Gratitude and Prudence bid him stifle the Dictates of his Resentment. ——— He was not able, however, for a great while, to make any Reply, and when he strove to do it, it was in so wild and uncorrect a Manner, that the other plainly perceived the Shock he had given him. ———

I fear, said he, it is because the Charms of the beautiful HENRIETTA are recommended by me, that they appear less worthy your Regard: ——— But I assure you, that, were I not under Obligations to another, which, you very well know, cannot be dispensed with, I would prefer that Lady to all the World. 'Tis probable you would, my Lord, pursued the *Baron*, unable to contain himself, and 'tis also possible, that what you have said, may not be the least Reason for my refusing a Lady of her Merit, since 'tis not to be imagin'd she could refuse returning that prodigious Admiration you have always expressed

pressed for her, with an adequate Regard, without being the most ungrateful Woman in the World :——— And how little fit a Woman, who must be subjected to either of these Extrems, is to make a Wife for the Baron De Brosse, I beg your Lordship would consider. I find, resumed the *Marshal*, with equal Warmth, you are come into that vile Opinion, which the Generality of Mankind conceive, that there cannot be an Intimacy between Persons of different Sexes, without a Criminal Intention ; but, if that will satisfy you, I give my Honour, that nothing of that Kind has ever —— You may spare yourself that Pains, rejoyn'd the *Baron*, by only letting me into any other Reason for your insisting on my making my Addresses to that Lady. Perhaps, replied the *Marshal*, she has found something in your Person and Conversation, which she thinks worthy of a Wish to engage, and may therefore have made me a Confidante in the Affair to sound your Inclinations. You would then, answered the other, very much enhance the Value of the other Obligations you have honoured me with, to speak no more of it: —— For, unpossessed as I am, it is not to that Lady I can owe the Cure of my Insensibility. Then, resumed the *Marshal*, it is not her Love alone, but my Friendship, you disclaim. Both are equally unworthy his Acceptance, cry'd the enraged Madam De MONBRAY (who, hearing they were together, had come into a Walk so near them, that she was defended from their Sight, but by a Row of Trees, and

and had listened to all the latter Part of their Discourse) and I hope the Baron *De Brosse* will always have too just a Regard for his own Honour, as well as what he owes to me, to think but with Disdain on the Charms of the prostituted *HENRIETTA*, or the fallacious Friendship of a Man, who, by that Name, would make him the Property of his looser Pleasures, and an Umbrage to conceal the Infamy of a Woman, who merits rather to be exposed, than pitied. Whatever the Faults of *HENRIETTA* are, fiercely interrupted the *Marshal*, it is not a Lady should inspect into them, who, before the Tears are scarce wiped off for a dead Husband, would fain be entering into Engagements with a Man as unworthy, as undesirous, to succeed him.——Nay (continued he more disdainfully) a Man too, who, in spite of her high Birth, vast Possessions, boasted Beauty, and violent Affection, no more than *pities* her. It would be little possible to represent the Indignation of *Madam De MONERAY* at these malicious Reflections of her Brother; and answering them in Terms equally spiteful, there pass'd between them such Expressions, as one would not have expected from Persons of their Politeness; but so little Regard has *Rage* to *Prudence*, that the Person possess'd of that Passion, thinks of nothing but the Gratification of it. The *Marshal*, however, less capable than his Sister of maintaining this War of Words, flung from her, and gave over at once his Design on the *Baron*, and reducing her Spirit to a State of more Humiliation.

He was no sooner gone, than the *Baron* entreated that Lady to inform him of the Causes, which had made so great an Alteration in the Humour of the *Marshal*. I wonder not, answered she, that you seem unwilling to believe yourself so ill treated by a Person, on whose Friendship you have so much relied, else you must certainly have been no Stranger to the Intimacy there has long been between my Brother and HENRIETTA de MARRAMONT: ——— The Intreague, by the Treachery of a *Confidante*, has been lately discovered to the *Sieur*, he came Yesterday, and brought that Lady with him: Her Tears, and the Distraction she was in, at first mov'd me to Compassion: ——— She was left with me, while both our Brothers went apart; neither of us believed any other, but that the Consequence of their Discourse would be fatal to one or both of them, and our Surprise was not inferior to our Joy, when we saw them return with Countenances much more composed, than those they wore at their retiring: ——— Neither of them, at that Time, related the Cause of their sudden Agreement, and it being late in the Evening, the *Sieur De MARRAMONT*, taking his Sister by the Hand, led her immediately to his Chariot, saying no more, than just as he stepp'd in himself, turning to my Brother, I shall expect the Performance of your Promise to Morrow. I believe, replied he, I may venture to assure you it shall be delayed no longer. The Curiosity incident to my Sex, made

me very uneasy to know the Meaning of all this ; especially when, they being gone, I heard the *Marshal* impatiently enquiring for you, and crying he must needs speak with you the Moment you came in : — My pressing Entreaties, and the Opinion he had, perhaps, that I might be of Service to his Design, engaged him to communicate it to me : — He told me, That since his Blood would be of little Service to wipe off the Aspersions which had been cast on HENRIETTA, he had promised her Brother to provide her a Husband, whose Birth and Fortune should not disgrace the Family he came among. — I cannot express (continued *Madam De MONBRAY*) the Indignation of my Soul, when he named you for the Person he had made Choice of for this Purpose. — I said all I could to dissuade him, but in vain ; — And finding he not only persisted in his Resolution of making you this Proposal ; but also imagined he should gain your Consent, I discovered to him, as the only effectual Means to prevail on him to quit such a Hope, the Tendernefs I had for you, and the Engagements between us : — But even that, you see, was to as little Purpose as all the rest I had alledged : — The Tyes of Affinity, as well as those of Friendship, this Traytor to both, breaks through, to screen the Reputation of a Woman who cannot merit from him what is due to us.

Never

Never Man had a greater Share of Spirit than *De Brosse*, and not all the Obligations he had received from the *Marshal*, could evade the Memory of this Affront :

—— He resolved to leave his House that Moment, but having unadvisedly spoken that, before *Madam De Monbray* ; Yes, we will go together, said she, to return no more, and since I have ordered my Chariot, and every Thing to be ready, the same Preparations will serve for both : ——

The *Baron*, now too late, perceived his Error, and judging it wholly improper to accompany her, not only because it would oblige him either to prosecute his pretended Passion for her with greater Warmth than was consistent with his Inclination, or to throw off his Mask of Dissimulation in a more abrupt Manner than he car'd to do ; and also that their going together would make so great a Noise in the Country, that it might probably come to the Ear of *Larissa*, and occasion Suspicions in that Lady's Breast, which would be of inexpressible Prejudice to the Tenderneſs he wiſh'd to inspire her with ; he was extremely puzzled to find some Excuse that would pass current ; and at last having told her, That he was under an indispensable Obligation of taking Leave of some Gentlemen, with whom he had contracted an Acquaintance, he could not excuse himself from following her on Horseback, and promising to overtake her at her Evening's Stage.

Having parted from her in order to provide for his Journey, he went to his Chamber, and wrote a Letter to his adorable LARISSA, informing her of his being obliged to quit that Part of the Country, conjuring her to remember him with Compassion, and assuring her, That he would, in a very little Time, form some Stratagem to be near her again : He had no sooner finished it, than he went to the House of the *Count De CHEVREUX* ; he took a formal Leave of him and his fair Daughter ; but saying nothing before them of the Occasion of his Departure, ——— he easily found an Opportunity of slipping the Letter, with a Purse of Gold, into the Hand of LARISSA's Woman, who, by a private Nod, assured him she would do her utmost for his Interest. The Concern which appeared in the Eyes of the beautiful LARISSA, fill'd him with a Pleasure which almost compensated for the Grief of leaving her. ——— The *Count* himself with a Politeness, something extraordinary in a Person of his Humour, seem'd to regret the Loss of his Acquaintance ; but the *Baron* told him, His Absence would be but short, being only going to *Paris* to remind some Friends he had there, of a Promise they had made him, of procuring him a Place about the King ; the *Count* wish'd him Success, and they parted without any ominous Presages of how fatal a Consequence this Separation, or, at least, their next Meeting, was to be.

At the *Baron's* Return to the *Marshal*, he heard that Madam *De MONERAY* was gone, and enquiring of the Servants where their Master was, they told him, He had shut himself into his *Closet*, and had ordered that none should interrupt him: *De Brosse* desired the Master of his Horse, for once, to break through that Command, and let him know he was going, and would willingly return him Thanks for the Favours he had received: The Gentleman performed his Request, but returned immediately, with this Answer, That his Master neither knew of any Favours he had done him, nor expected any Retributions. *De Brosse* was little concern'd at being refused the Presence of a Man, who he thought had so ill concluded what the Beginnings of his Friendship had made him hope, and his Equipage being, by this Time, in Readiness, he took Horse, attended by two Servants who he had brought with him.

Thus ended the Intimacy of these two Gentlemen, and the Animosity they conceived against each other, was infinitely more lasting than their Friendship had been, and was the Occasion of Misfortunes to them both, which, neither of them could foresee.

F I N I S.

At the Baron's return to the Ministry
 he heard that Madame De MONTAIGNE was
 gone, and enquiring of the Countess where
 their friends were, they told him, His
 had just arrived from the Countess, and had
 ordered that some should accompany him:
 De Brosse desired the Master of the
 Hotel, for once, to look through the
 Countess, and he did so, as he was going,
 and would willingly have told him that for
 the Baron he had returned: The Countess
 perceived his request, but returned a weak
 answer, saying she knew not the Master's
 that knew of any favours he had done him,
 not expected any Recommendations. De Brosse
 was little concerned at being refused the Pre-
 sent of a Man, who he thought had a right
 to demand what the Baronage of his friend-
 ship had made him hope, and his passage
 being by this Time, in haste, he took
 leave attended by two servants who he
 had brought with him.

Thus ended the journey of these two
 Gentlemen, and the Assembly they conceived
 against each other, was infinitely more lasting
 than their Friendship had been, and was
 the Occasion of Misfortunes to them both,
 which neither of them could foresee.

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OF THE

Baron de BRO SSE.



PART II.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

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PART II

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Baron de BROSSE

Baron de BROSSE





MEMOIRS

OF THE

Baron de BRO SSE.

PART. II.



HE extreme Regret which the Subject of this History had in leaving behind him all that was valuable to him in the World, and the little Inclination he had to be with Madam De MONBRAY, would not have enabled him to have overtaken her 'till they had reached *Paris*. But that Lady, who lov'd him with a Passion no less violent, than that with which he was possess'd for her beautiful Rival, would not let slip so happy an Opportunity of enjoying his Conversation uninterrupted, as in this Journey she promised herself: She therefore stopp'd at a little
B Village

Village about Fourteen or Fifteen Miles from *Villamaur*, expecting his Approach, and when he thought her a considerable Way before him, he found himself accosted by one of her Servants, who she had ordered to watch his Passing by. — There was now no Evasion to be made; he was obliged to go to the House where she waited for him, and, it being too late to prosecute their Journey that Night, stay there 'till Morning, and accompany her, the rest of the Way, in her Chariot, 'till they came to *Paris*.

By what has already been mentioned of the Criminal Affection this Lady had professed to the *Baron* while her Husband was living, the Reader will easily imagine, she was not one of those, who prefer Virtue to the Gratification of Desire; it was not owing to herself, that she had not, long since, rioted in all those Joys the Possession of the Man she lov'd, could afford: But *De Brosse*, though he was far enough from making any Scruple of Conscience in an Affair of this Nature, yet, there having been a very great Friendship between him and the *Sieur de Monbray*, it was that which prevented him from laying hold on those Advantages which were offered by the ungovernable Passion of his Wife: — But that Bar was now removed, as was also that which the Respect he formerly thought himself obliged to pay *Marshal Turenne*, had opposed against his dishonouring his Sister. — All her Looks — Her Words, and Actions, expressed the most ardent Longing, that he should throw off that reserved and distant
Manner

Manner he had hitherto preserved in his Behaviour toward her ——— Though not so young, nor by many Degrees so beautiful, as LARISSA, yet she was a Woman, who might justly be accounted very lovely, and her Charms were not yet arrived at the Age which brings on Decay. ——— To add to all this, they were continually together: ——— During the Time of this Journey, they were, as it were, secluded from the rest of the World: ——— No prying Eyes to observe their Actions: No impertinent Interruption to divert their Thoughts, or vary Inclination. ——— As little as the *Baron* had, 'till he saw LARISSA, experienced the Delicacies, and sweet Anxieties of tender Passion, he had been no Stranger to those Transports which pass in the World for the Effects of Love, and, in spite of the real Uneasiness it gave him to be separated from that Mistress of his Wishes, the *Man* about him submitted to the present Temptation, and belied his *Soul*. ——— But O, how mean the Bliss! ——— How faint ——— How tasteless, was the Joy, compar'd to that which flows from mutual Ardor, equal Longing! ——— In such Amours, the Calls of an inordinate Desire appeas'd, no more remains but Wonder in the thinking Mind, why Reason should have so small Command on Passion. ——— Hence follow Coldness, Indifference, Dis taste, and, frequently, Contempt: ——— But in the other, Enjoyment gives Addition to the Flame: ——— Still we gaze on, and languish with unsated Fondness. ——— The

Spirit with the *Body* bears a Part, and Nature is but Second in the Cause.

The distinguishing Soul of *Madam de MONBRAY*, easily perceived, it was not by these last Emotions her Lover was actuated, but imagining the little Ecstasy he was in, proceeded rather from that Insensibility he had been reproach'd with, than any particular Inclination to another, she contented herself with telling him, That she never so much, as now, lamented her want of Beauty, since she found there required a more than ordinary Portion of it, to make Favours of the Nature she had bestowed, of any Estimation.

— He wanted not Address to excuse the Languor of his Caresses; and insinuated with so much Artifice, that the extreme Regard he had ever paid her, and an over-Consciousness of his own Demerit, had been the only Causes that had rendered him so little capable of expressing his Sense of the Blessing he had receiv'd; that, whatever her Thoughts were, she had no longer a Pretence for Complaint; and she was happy in the Opinion, that all he knew of Love, was inspired by her, and was so far from repenting the Condescensions she had made, that she thought of nothing more, than the Means how to continue 'em with Privacy after they came to *Paris*, 'till, the Time of her Mourning being expir'd, the Ceremony of the Church should give a Sanction to her publick Fondness.

Of a far different Kind were the Cogitations of *De Brosse*; that Confusion of Thought which his late Adventures had involv'd him in,

in, being a little over, he began to reflect on the Indiscretion of his Proceeding with *Madam de MONBRAY*.——The only Reason which had obliged him at first to counterfeit a Kindness for her, being, by his quitting her Brother's House, intirely at an End, he could not forgive himself for engaging so much farther with her, than he had ever intended, even when he thought it of most Service to his other Designs.——He doubted not, but the natural Haughtiness of her Disposition, joyn'd to the violent Passion she profess'd for him, would bring him into Embarrassments, from which he should not, without great Difficulty, extricate himself. He got not leave, however, to continue for any long Time together in these perplexed Contemplations:——A Business of another Nature interposed, and even *LARISSA* was less remembered. What he had mentioned to the *Count de CHEVREUX*, only as an Excuse for leaving the House of the *Marshal TURENNE*, happen'd, in good Earnest, to be true.——Those Friends whom he had imploy'd to sollicite for him at *Paris*, were so successful in their Endeavours, that his Most *Christian* MAJESTY had granted to their Intercession, and the known Merits of the *Baron*, a Post about him, which those of much greater Birth, would have been proud to accept.——His sudden coming to Town, was all that prevented a great Number of Letters being sent to *Villamaur*, to wish him Joy of his good Fortune, and hasten his Return to Court.——He was so busied, for a Time, in discharging the

the Offices of his new Employment, paying those Acknowledgments which were due to those whose Interest had procured it, and receiving the Compliments of others, that, had he felt for LARISSA but that Sort of Passion which ordinarily bears the Name of *Love*, the Memory of her had been lost amidst this Variety of Amusements: ——— But, though he had not Time to indulge himself in Contemplation on her, as he did while at *Ville-maur*; yet, in spite of Business, Noise, and Hurry, her soft Idea found a Place, and Absence more endear'd her to his Soul. — He did not fail to communicate his Success to that adorable Person, for whose Sake it rejoic'd him to have met it, and let her know, He hop'd this favourable Beginning was only the first Step to the future Advancement of his Fortune, in such a Manner, as might give him a Pretence hereafter for declaring himself her Lover. ——— The Answer she sent, was full of Tenderness, but contained an Account, which gave a sudden, and unlook'd-for, Damp to all the blooming Expectations he had nourished in his Soul: ——— And the Agonies which succeeded, are not to be express'd, when opening, his Packet, he read the following Lines.

To the Engaging Baron de BRO SSE.

I Received yours, my dear Baron, by the Hands of the faithful CHARLOTTE. — I read it with a Mixture of Delight and Pain; for though nothing can afford me a greater Pleasure,

sure, than to hear of the Prosperity of my Friends, yet, I confess, I am not so disinterested a Person, as not to be seized with an inexpressible Chagrin at the Misfortune which this Advancement of your Fortune has involv'd me in.——After having brought me to acknowledge a Passion for you, I need not blush to own, I cannot, but as the most terrible Disaster that could befall me, look on any thing which takes away all Possibility of my ever being yours.——How do your Hopes deceive you! When this Advancement of your Fortune flatters you with a Belief, you shall appear more worthy in the Eyes of the Count de CHEVREUX, it takes from LARISSA the Power of Obedience, even to his Commands, should he grant them in your Favour.——I know I seem to speak in Riddles, and will therefore ease your Wonder, by giving you a History, the main Passages of which, have, doubtless, reached your Ear; but the Particulars, those of them, at least, which are of Concernment to that Union you seem to wish, you cannot possibly be acquainted with.



The HISTORY of MADAM de CHEVREUX.

I Believe you never saw my Mother, she being, many Years before her Death, secluded from the World in a *Monastery*; but I am certain you cannot but have heard, she was
one

one of the most lovely Women in *France*: Love will, perhaps, confirm you in that Opinion, when I shall tell you, I am an imperfect Copy of that beautiful Original, and that every little Grace you are pleas'd to think attractive in me, is but a faint Resemblance of those, infinitely more shining ones, she was Mistress of. ——— She was very young when she was married to my Father: ——— A mutual Disposition of Obedience to Parents, and Interest of Families, was what joyn'd their Hands, and as neither of them were displeas'd with their Condition, so neither of them was highly satisfied with it: They lived together, however, in a perfect Tranquillity, 'till after I was born; but their Youth, Gayety, and the vast Fortune they were possess'd of, tempting them to make a greater Figure in the World, than they could do in that retir'd Corner of it, they agreed to pass some Time in *Paris*. ——— My Mother was no sooner seen at Court, than her fatal Charms attracted almost as great a Number of Admirers, as there were Gazers, to behold them: ——— But her Quality, Reputation, and my Father's well-known Courage, gave a Check to those Attempts, which otherwise would have been every Day made on her Virtue. ——— Among a Croud who languish'd for her, none had the Temerity to declare a Passion, but the *Marquess de BELLMOUR*, the *Count le SERVELLE*, and the *Duke of ORLEANS*. The first of these, she had the Address to get rid of, merely by her own Strength of Reasoning: He found her fix'd in Virtue, and a steady Resolution
of

of Fidelity to her Husband. — He desisted his Prosecution, but could not master his Passion so far as to be able to continue in the Sight of a Woman he so ardently affected, and was hopeless of enjoying. — He went to travel, whence he returned no more; — Consuming, as 'twas afterwards told by a Person who he made his Confident, in an unceasing Flame, which, at length, grew too violent for the Lamp of Life. — But it was not in her Power so easily to free herself from the Count's Importunities. — He became so pressing, that she was obliged to reveal to her Husband, what she endur'd from his perpetual and embolden'd Sollicitations. — Though my Father was never possess'd of any very great Passion for her, he was for his own Honour, which imagining most sensibly affronted by his Designs, he writ a Challenge, which being accepted by the other with an equal Gallantry, they met, and fought. — He fell a Victim to vindictive Love, and the just Resentment of an injur'd Husband. — My Father was, for a Time, in a great deal of Trouble on this Score; but the Matter being laid before the King, and the Provocation known, and attested by many to whom he had had the Folly to declare, He would, some Way or other, obtain the Possession of *Madam de CHEVREUX*, his most *Christian* M A J E S T Y vouchsafed a Pardon, judging it a Piece of Cruelty to condemn a Man for that which, if he had not done, he must all his Life have been branded with Cowardice and Dishonour. But, alas! it was

not with that Fortitude this unhappy Lady could repel the Addresses of the *Duke of ORLEANS*; that accomplish'd *Prince* had Perfections from which she was not able to defend her Heart.—— I have heard her since, with Millions of Tears, confess, she was won before she was sensible she was so; nor, when she found the Danger of listening to his Insinuations, could she renounce the pleasing Ruin.—— All the Warnings of her good Angel were in vain:—— Fruitless were the Admonitions of her Virtue:—— That Reputation she had hitherto taken so much Pains to preserve, was no longer of any Estimation with her:—— And to pass one happy Hour with that beloved Undoer, she would have yielded all the others of her whole Life to certain Misery.—— His Love was all the Glory she was ambitious of:—— His Society, the only Bliss she wish'd, and in the Contemplation of those imaginary Felicities, Honour, Fame, and Duty, were no more remembered!—— There were too many Eyes on the Conduct of this unhappy Lady, not to have the false Step she had made immediately discovered; and her Beauty, and other Accomplishments, had rendered her too much an Object of Envy to her own Sex, to make them willing to conceal what would lessen the Esteem and Admiration she was accusom'd to receive. Though the high Birth, and extraordinary Qualifications of this *Prince*, made him be regarded by every-body in a peculiar Manner, yet there was a visible Tendernefs, even in Publick, mix'd with the Deference

Deference she paid him, which too plainly discovered to all that saw them together, she felt for him something more than either Respect or Admiration.—— Judge with what an Infinity of Grief and Indignation my Father observed a Behaviour in his Wife, so contrary to that Reserve she had been hitherto so fam'd for.—— He could not take those Measures with the first Prince of the Blood, as he would have done with any other, for his Revenge, and was almost distracted with the stifled Passion.—— He vented some Part of his Sentiments in private Reproaches to my Mother, who, poor unhappy Lady! was too much lost and overwhelmed in the soft Delusion, to be convinced she had done any thing blame-worthy: So greatly was she infatuated, that if she did not plainly confess, she had for that Prince a Regard superior to that she had for her Husband, yet she spoke of him in a Manner, as left him no Room to hope it was otherwise: Nor, in spite of all his Remonstrances, would she be prevailed on to deny herself the Pleasure she took in his Society, nor even to forbear enjoying it at Times and Places, which were most pernicious to her Character.

The *Count de CHEVREUX* had, indeed, too many Reasons to justify the ill Humour he now began to treat her with; but she either not gave herself Leisure of considering how vast the Provocations were that she gave him, or thought the Merits of the Duke a sufficient Sanction for all she did; and being of a Disposition impatient of Controul, and vio-

lent in all her Passions, look'd on the Change of my Father's Behaviour, as the greatest Indignity imaginable. — She not only said, but, as she has since, with Agonies of unfeigned Repentance, confess'd, she also thought herself extremely injur'd: So apt, alas! are we to be blinded by Self-Love and Vanity, that we regard not the most unjust or inhumane Actions we are guilty of to others, but think with the utmost Disdain and Rage on the least trifling Affront offer'd to ourselves. — In fine, their Way of living together, grew intolerable: — She, every Day, gave my Father new Occasions of Jealousy; he never ceased letting her know it, and the ill Humour of them both, and the perpetual Quarrels between them (which, I grieve to say, neither of them had Presence of Mind to conceal from the View of the Publick) were the constant Themes of Ridicule in almost all Companies. — Nothing could be more vexatious, than this was to the *Count de CHEVREUX*, it gave him so much more Pain than it would another Man, by so much as he was naturally of a Temper more close and reserv'd, than Men ordinarily are; and, hopeless of ever being able to redress, or revenge, as he would do, the Grievances he laboured under, at least while he continued at *Paris*, he resolved therefore to leave it, and to mortify that Vanity in my Mother's Humour, which he imagin'd had been the Cause of his Misfortune, in the Penance of an eternal Solitude. — He communicated his Design, however, to no Person

in the World, and my Mother was so far from guessing at the Fate intended for her, that when, after having privately ordered every thing for their Departure, he came into her Chamber, and told her, She must prepare to quit that Scene of illusive Pleasures, which had so long enchanted her Reason, and go with him to a Place more befitting a Woman who had so little Government of herself; she only answered with a scornful Smile, and, turning to one of her Attendants, bid her order the Coach to be made ready, for she would take the Air. — The Coach is ready, Madam, said my Father, you must this Morning go Abroad with me: — You have but too much indulged yourself in Company you like, you must now submit to endure that which is your Aversion. — I have been so much accusom'd, answer'd she, to endure ill Treatment from you, that I am not at all surprized at this Reproach; but, to return it as I think it deserves, know, that you shall have an Opportunity of venting the natural Gall of your Disposition on me, no where but at home: — I will not stir one Step with you out of this House. — You will not? Madam, interrupted he, with a stern Air. — No, Sir! resum'd she with one altogether as disdainful, I will not. — Then you must be compell'd, cry'd he, taking her by the Arm; you have provoked me, beyond a mortal Patience, to throw off that Tenderness which too long has pleaded in your Favour, and shall now prove how far the Authority of an injured, and justly incensed,

cens'd, Husband extends. ——— You may easily believe the Rage she was in at this Menace: ——— She rav'd, tore, struggled, but all in vain, he left not the Room, 'till, having seen her Women pack up some Cloaths, which he thought might be needful in the Journey, took her forcibly in his Arms, and carried her down Stairs: The Coach being waiting at the Door, he put her into it, not giving Directions in what Manner he would have the Goods dispos'd of, 'till he had got into it himself, where, having drawn up the Windows, he was oblig'd to stop her Mouth with his Handkerchief, 'till she was almost strangled, or her Cries, when she found where she was to be carried, would have rais'd the Populace as they pass'd through the Streets. When out of the City, he endeavour'd all he could to pacify her, but he might as well have hoped to calm the raging Seas; the Tempest of her Fury was not to be appeas'd, and the whole Time of their Journey was pass'd between Tears and Revilings.

The disconsolate *Madam de CHEVREUX* had not left *Paris* many Hours, before the Duke came to make her a Visit: Being told, She was gone out of Town, and seeing every thing about the House in great Disorder, as though preparing for an intire Removal, he desired to speak with *Mademoiselle HARRIOT*, her chief Woman, and who had been the Confidante of the Intrigue. She had good Reason to be concerned at the breaking off an Affair which was so advantageous to her, that, from a very mean Fortune, it had rais'd her

to

to one, which might give her a Pretension to match into the best Family among the Commonalty in all France: The Tears, therefore, were unfeigned that she shed while she related to him the Story of her Mistress's inhumane Usage, as she called it. The Duke, who 'tis certain, at that Time, felt as great a Passion for her, as any of that Sort can be, which is not accompanied with Honour, appeared infinitely shock'd and concerned at this sudden Turn in her Affairs; but there appearing no Means of remedying it, at least, at present, having consulted with HARRIOT, who told him, She was assured her Lady would endure a Separation from him no longer than she was detained by mere Force; he sat down, and writ a Letter to encourage her in her Design of Elopement.——I have it now by me, and will transcribe it, to let you see, how little, in Competition of your own Desires, you Men regard the Eternal Infamy and Ruin of the Woman you pretend to love.

To Madam de CHEVREUX.

WITH what Words shall I make my adorable Charmer sensible what 'twas I felt in the dreadful Surprise of missing her! Is there a Possibility of describing Infinity? — O no, it is unutterable! — Incomprehensible! and by its Effects, can be alone made known. — Never was there Grief, — Never was there Distraction, equal to mine, — Nor is it in the Power of Time, to alleviate my Sorrows. — Each rising Sun brings with it Increase of Anguish,
my

my sadden'd Soul akes to behold its Beams; I rave, and curse the Light, and my own Eyes, since all the Joy they could afford, was the beholding thee! — And thou art torn far, far away, perhaps, for Ever, from me. — What shall I do? — Life cannot long support these Agonies, nor can I bear them, if Sword or Poyson have the Means to ease them. — But much I fear, my Love, and its sad Consequence, Despair, will be immortal as my Soul, and I, to all Eternity, shall carry with me the Remembrance of the Heaven I have enjoyed and lost!

The faithful HARRIOT, who, in Compassion of my Sufferings, has undertaken to deliver this to you, can better inform you of them, than I, who feel 'em, have the Power to do. — O if soft Commiseration would so far influence you to pity them, as to oblige you to break thro' the cruel Constraint you are in, and, flying the injurious Treatment of an unworthy Husband, bless once more with your Embraces, him, who, by his Excess of never dying Passion, can only merit you.

ORLEANS.

HARRIOT assured him, She would deliver it faithfully, and that she did not doubt, but that it would work the Effect he wish'd. — He had, indeed, too much Reason to believe her, and they parted perfectly satisfied in the Hope of obtaining their different Aims; she of renewing those Advantages she had received by this Amour, and he, of the Pleasures

tures, which, as his Inclinations then were, could no where be found, but in the Society of *Madam de CHEVREUX*.

But how terribly were their Expectations cross'd, when every thing being provided for the Departure of the Servants, *HARRIOT* found herself discharged by the Steward; for with him my Father had left Orders to turn off that unfaithful Creature, who, he very well knew, had been contributing to the dishonouring of her Lord.——She ran immediately to the Duke, and acquainted him with their common Misfortune.——This Blow was so unthought of, that as there was no Way to avert it, there was also none to remedy it, at least, that either of them could immediately find out.——Could I have guessed at what has happened, said *HARRIOT*, I would have put your Letter into the Box with her Cloaths:——But then, cry'd she again, 'tis probable the *Count's* Jealousy of me, might have prompted him to search.——I know not what to do, nor, indeed, what I could have done. There is no Blame on your Side, reply'd the *Duke*, nor is there any thing at present which can be done for my Service.——But, added he, after a little Pause, if you are really so zealous for my Happiness, as you seem to be, I will engage you to take a Journey to *Villamaur*; You may, perhaps, get an Opportunity of speaking to your Lady, and giving her my Letter.——I know not who to trust, but thee, dear *HARRIOT*! and, if you will do this for me, I will recompense the Service amply. It is not

not to be questioned, but she readily complied, and having received a large Reward by Way of bearing her Charges in her Journey, took her Leave, and the next Morning, by break of Day, set out for *Villamaur*: She knew it would be to no Purpose to hope Admittance at the *Count's*, she therefore took a Lodging only at a common Inn, there happening at that Time to be one pretty near our House; she was known by the People to have belong'd to *Madam de CHEVREUX*, but being utterly unacquainted with the Secrets of the Family, imagined, That she having, on some Disgust, been discarded, was come into the Country in hopes of making her Peace again; and this Pretence serv'd to render her unsuspected, when she imploy'd People to watch when her Lady walk'd Abroad. Notwithstanding all the Diligence she made use of, it was a long Time before she could arrive at the Opportunity she wish'd. ——— The little Care that Lady took in concealing her Sentiments, made my Father too certain, that she wanted nothing but the Means to leave him, not to take all imaginable Care to prevent the Execution of any Design her Impatience of Restraint might furnish her with. ——— He scarce trusted her from one Room into another out of his Sight, and when he had any Company which her present Discontents rendered her unfit to be seen by, he lock'd her into her Chamber with his own Hands, not trusting the Key even to those, who, in other Things, he had the greatest Confidence in.

It was but from a Window that the indefatigable Industry of HARRIOT gave her first an Opportunity of seeing her Lady, and when she did, it was some Moments before the inward Agitations of her Mind permitted her to take Notice of any who might observe; but, when casting her Eyes that Way, she saw and knew this trusty Confidante, she was ready to run distracted, that she could invent no Means of speaking to her; but, not able to suffer her to go away without letting her know some Part of her Mind, she made a Sign that she should tarry a little, and, running to her Standish, immediately writ these Words.

I Guess the Errand which has brought my faithful HARRIOT to Villamaur: I doubt not but my dear Prince sympathizes in my Affliction, and has been kind enough to employ you to know in what Manner I support this cruel Absence from him.——I am, at present, in so strict a Confinement, that nothing can be more impossible, than to find an Opportunity of speaking to you, but will endeavour to disguise my Sentiments with more Art, than hitherto I have done; perhaps, if I seem more easy, my Gaoler will be less watchful.——I charge you leave not this Place for some Time: If there be any Means to contrive a Meeting, depend on it, an impatient, restless, longing Lover, will find it.——Adieu for this Time.

CHEVREUX.

She inclosed a good Number of *Lewis-d'ores* in this Letter, to reward the Diligence of her Confidante, and give the Paper Weight, that she might hurl it to the Place where the other stood: It is not to be doubted, but it was received with a Joy suitable to the Occasion; those kind of Creatures finding as great a Satisfaction in the Gratification of their sordid Views, as others do in obtaining their most elegant Desires.—— She read it hastily over, and, making a low Curt'sy, retir'd; with Reason believing, that if any of the Family should happen to see her, it would not be possible for *Madam de CHEVREUX* to have any Part of the Severity of her Confinement abated; she would not only be debarred the Privilege of the Doors, but Windows also, and she would be so far from getting any Opportunity of speaking to her, that she must hope no more even to see her, or by those distant Signs, guess at any thing of what passed in her Heart.

The Moment she returned to the Inn, she writ to the Duke a full Account of what she had done, and that she doubted not, before she left *Villamaur*, but to compleat his Wishes.

It was now, my Mother first began to submit her haughty Spirit, to practise the Art of Dissimulation; she threw off those Looks of Discontent, which had rendered her Designs so much suspected by the *Count*, and, by Degrees, form'd a Countenance of perfect Serenity.—— No more the rising Sighs swell'd her reluctant Bosom! —— No more the
trickling

trickling Tears bedew'd her Cheeks! — Her Eyes regain'd their native Lustre, and her Complexion, its lively Bloom. — She confess'd the Justice of her Husband's Treatment, seem'd griev'd only because she had offended him; and though she would not own she had been guilty in Fact, acknowledg'd it a Crime sufficient, to have behav'd in such a Manner as should render her suspected. — In fine, her whole Deportment was so chang'd, that, in a little Time, my Father was wholly deceived by it, which, when she perceived, she had Recourse to another Stratagem, which was to feign herself indispos'd, not so much as to keep her Bed, but enough to make those about her believe, the Air was absolutely necessary for her Recovery. — She was therefore permitted the Liberty of the Gardens, and, soon after, of the Fields, and, perceiving she made no other Use of that Freedom, than what was agreeable to his Honour and Desires, he began to think she was now, in good Earnest, sensible of her Folly, and in no Danger of relapsing into her former Errors. — She behaved in this Affair (to use her own Expression) with so much unhappy Artifice, that she soon had the Opportunity she so much long'd for of speaking to her favourite HARRIOT. — They often met in a Walk a little Distance from the House, and compleated the Ruin of my unhappy Mother, by forming the Means of her Escape, which was, That on a Day when the Count was gone a hunting, she should come into a little Field, which led to the great Road,

Road, bringing with her, her Jewels, and what other valuable Things she had, which was possible for her to take out unperceiv'd by the Servants; and that there HARRIOT should meet her with Horses, and a Guide, to conduct them cross the Country to a Place where they might get a more commodious Way of travelling, and also disappoint their Pursuers, in case any should be sent after them, by going a quite different Road to *Paris*, than that which led to it from *Villamaur*. Every thing succeeded according to their Wishes; no Interruption interven'd; they met not a Person by whom they were known, and never did any Heart feel greater Transports, than that of *Madam de CHEVREUX*, when she found herself within the Gates of *Paris*, and in Sight of that dear Palace, which contained all that her Soul held dear.

But with what Words, *Monsieur*, shall I make you sensible of the Heart-rending Horrors this wretched Lady found herself involv'd in, when, happening to go into a House where HARRIOT had some Acquaintance, and had persuaded her to refresh herself in, after the Fatigue of her Journey, they found the Mistress of it in a Distraction, which is not to be described, and, inquiring into the Cause, was told by her, that her only Daughter had left her, and, deluded by the soft Temptations of the *Duke of ORLEANS*, despising Infamy, was gone to live with him in his House, where all that beheld her, knew for what shameful Purpose she was detain'd. — The Woman had scarce finished her melancholy Account,

Account, when my Mother, who happen'd to sit near the Window, saw his Chariot pass by, and in it was himself, and this young Beauty. ——— A Press of Coaches coming from the *Louvre*, prevented his Horses, for some Moments, from going on, and she had the dreadful Satisfaction of observing them behave to each other in so gay and unreserv'd a Manner, as left her no Room to hope she had been deceiv'd. ——— She sunk, fainting, into the Arms of HARRIOT, who, at her Return of Sense, had little to say, which could afford her any Consolation; and it was but in vain that Confidante endeavoured to persuade her, that when she appear'd, all other Charms would lose their Force: ——— She was not to be comforted: ——— The Pangs of Jealousy, and all the Shocks of wild Despair, which any Attempt to describe, would injure, now took Possession of her Soul, and, for a Time, rendered her incapable of Reflection. ——— Nor when she had the Power, what Use could she make of it? ——— She had determin'd to go directly to his Palace, and, as she had forsook her Husband for no other Reason, than her Passion for him, give an intire Loose to the Gratification of it, by continuing with him; but she was now undetermin'd where to take Shelter, she was certain, that this new Charmer had dispossest her of the Place she held in his Affections. ——— She saw not the Looks of Despair and Grief she expected him to wear in her Absence, and could not hope to find, at her Return,

turn, that Transport, which alone could make her satisfy'd with what she had done.

Distracted in her Mind, she was, for some Hours, wholly incapable of resolving on any thing; but at last, by the Advice of HARRIOT, who thought it now improper she should go to his Palace, 'till certain of a Reception she would wish to find, she sent a Servant from the House where she was, to take a Lodging for her. ——— Chuse it for me, said she, in a Place, not such as one would expect to find the Wife of *Count de CHEVREUX* in, but such a one as may become my present Circumstances. ——— My Days of Grandeur, as of Joy, are pass'd for Ever, for I shall never appear other than the most wretched and forlorn of Womankind: It was in vain that the good Lady of the House, who, by this Time, was let into the whole Secret, joyn'd her Endeavours with HARRIOT's to give her Consolation: Never was any thing more violent, than the Exclamations which the Greatness of her Spirit, and the Extravagance of her Love, drew from her: ——— Never was any Rage carried to a greater Length: ——— Never was the destructive Softness of our yielding Sex more bitterly inveighed against. ——— Here might be seen Love and Indignation in their utmost Force display'd; and if either of these Passions are sufficient to destroy Reason, 'tis not to be wondered at, that the Extrems of both should render this unhappy Lady past Sense of any thing, but her present Sufferings.

*

When

When she came into the Lodging provided for her, she threw herself on the Bed, vowing, she would rise no more, abjur'd the Day, curs'd Earth, and Fate, and all Mankind, and, in the Extremity of her Anguish, scarce spar'd even Heaven itself. ——— HARRIOT, though full of inward Perplexities, continued saying every thing her natural Subtlety could furnish her with, to persuade her to suspend her Sorrows, 'till more certain Proofs of the Duke's Perfidiousness should arrive; But my Mother, on a sudden, bethinking herself, that it was to her Assiduity in the Affair, she owed this last Part of her Misfortune, stopp'd her Mouth with Reproaches, such as, for all her Artifice, she knew not how to answer.

But, I think, there is but little need of repeating the Wildness of her Behaviour; the Causes she had of Remorse and Penitence, may make you sensible, without the Aid of any Description, what it was she endur'd.

——— The First Emotions of her Rage a little abated, she was, with much ado, persuaded to write to the Duke a Letter of Kindness: HARRIOT, who was perfectly well acquainted with the Temper of Mankind, thought, to let him know the Ingratitude he had been guilty of was discovered, would make him avoid her Presence; therefore, laying down before her the Reasons she had for offering this Advice, my Mother was brought to approve of it, and, struggling with her Resentment, forced herself to write in this Manner.

E

To

To the Duke of ORLEANS.

WHAT Dangers, or Difficulties are there, which Love cannot surmount? The most watchful Eyes, or strict Confinements, are in vain to keep the Body, when the Soul has taken Flight. — I have made my Escape from the Castle of Villamaur. — There I have left all my Load of Woe, and am happily arriv'd at Paris, with an adequate Proportion of Love and Joy. — As I was, by your kind Letter, encouraged to this Journey, I doubt not, but my Welcome will be suitable to my Expectations. — HARRIOT, my Confidante, and your ever faithful Friend, will direct you where I wait, with that Impatience, which is inseparable from true Affection, your dear Approach. — Delay it not a Moment, if you would not have me think, I am as much neglected by you, as for you I am abandon'd by all the World besides.

Yours, to all Eternity,

CHEVREUX.

It was early in the Morning HARRIOT waited on the Duke with this Billet. —

He was not stirring, and she was obliged to stay a considerable Time before she could be admitted to his Presence, which more than half

half confirmed her, how little she had to hope, since, had he retained any of those Emotions, with which he last accosted her, it would have been with all the Wings of Impatience, he would have flown to meet her. — But when she saw him, in his alter'd Looks she read the Certainty of her unhappy Mistress's Fate. — He received her with Civility, indeed, but it was with a Coldness, which sufficiently demonstrated, her Visit was far from affording him any Satisfaction. — She observed his Countenance as he read the Letter, and found in it, rather a Perplexity, than Pleasure, though, when he had finish'd, — I am infinitely obliged, said he, to the Affection which this Adventure convinces me *Madam de CHEVREUX* has for me, and also to the Pains you have taken for my Interest with her. — She need not doubt, continued he, forcing himself to look as tenderly as he could, that I shall rejoice to see her, and will take an Opportunity of making myself so happy some Time this Day. — She had a Design, said *HARRIOT*, (willing to see how he would relish it) of coming directly to your Palace, as soon as she arriv'd at *Paris*, but I dissuaded her from appearing any where in Publick, till she had ordered her Affairs so as to make the World think favourably of her Elopement. — You did well, cry'd the Duke (with infinitely more Warmth, than before he had spoke with) such a Visit would have been imprudent to the greatest Degree. — She cannot but be sensible the World talks already of us in a

very free Manner, and there is no Way to retrieve her Reputation, but by living with the greatest Circumspection ——— That to those who have judg'd with Severity on her Actions, when they see her, in a State of perfect Liberty, behave with more Reserve, than when in a Condition more bounded, may believe her to have been wrong'd. For my own Part, I will deny myself the Pleasure of visiting her so frequently as I could wish, or as might be expected, were there no Reasons to the contrary. I know not, my Lord, (answer'd HARRIOT, shock'd to the last Degree at his Behaviour) how she will be able to support this Proof of a Friendship, which she is too much a Lover to approve or imitate; or with what Words I shall report your Resolution, which will not draw on me the severest Reproaches from that afflicted Lady. She could not, either mov'd by Self-Interest, or real Compassion, forbear weeping as she spoke, which, with some secret Stings of Conscience, so much affected the Duke, that he desired, she would relate nothing of what had pass'd, to my Mother, and only be the Bearer of his most tender Respects, with an Assurance, that he would see her that Evening at her Lodgings. Glad she was to be discharged of that other unwelcome Message; but easily perceiving there was nothing farther to be expected from the Intrigue, than Misery to her Mistress, and Reproaches to herself, had not the Power of assuming a Countenance chearful enough at her Return, to give her Words an Air of Truth, especially when

when to be examined by a Person of so much Discernment, and who had so many Reasons for Jealousy, as *Madam de CHEVREUX*. It would be troublesome and needless to repeat the many Exclamations which I was told she made on the Inconstancy of Mankind; you may believe, by what I have already said of her Temper, that a Woman so violent in all her Passions, could not find herself treated in this Manner, without expressing her Disdain of it in the most outrageous Terms. The Duke kept his Promise, however, and when it was Evening, came to visit her.—

But, alas! how different was this Meeting to their former ones; it was but with Coldness and forc'd Complaisance, that once passionate Lover, now accosted her, and with the utmost Grief, Distraction, Despair, and Indignation, she received him. — As long as the struggling Passions would permit, the Dictates of her jealous Rage was silent; but when, disdaining all Restraint, they did at last burst out, how much beyond the Description of any Words but her own, was the Fury of the Storm! — He made some slight Excuses for the Crimes for which he was upbraided, but he was no longer a Lover, and to one who was still a Lover, as artful as he was, could not assume those Tendernesses, without which, Words are of little Signification. — She was now confirmed, That she had abandoned herself for a Man, who had not Constancy to merit the Condescensions she had made; and, that having forsaken all the World for him, she was now forsaken

taken by him, and the Reflection on the unhappy State to which she was reduced, together with his cruel Neglect, threw her into a Condition, which might plead Forgiveness for the greatest Faults. — But why should I spin out my Relation with Particulars, which are not material to the Story? — I have already told you, he had a new Engagement, and cannot suppose you so ignorant of the Temper of your Sex, as not to know, that when the Heart is once estrang'd, Complaints are but in vain to oblige a Return. — The Sufferings of my unfortunate Mother, rendered the Man for whom they were inflicted, uneasy, but not less unkind, and the Inability he found himself in of easing them, made him unable to endure the Sight of them. — He intirely shunn'd her Presence, and the Artifices she made Use of to draw him to her, only serv'd more to expose her. — 'Till at last, wholly despairing, and struck with a just Sense of her ill Management, and the Censure of the talking World, she resolved to put it out of her Power to do any thing for the future, which might justify Reproach: She withdrew into a Cloyster, where she lingred out Ten Years, in a Manner so pitiable and wretched, as made those of the holy Sisterhood, who had at first entered but by Compulsion, now bless their Fate, which had secured them from the betraying Arts of faithless Men, and those innumerable, inconceivable Miseries, which attend the giving Way to Passion. Worn out with her continual Griefs, she fell into a Distemper,

stemper, which gave no Hopes of her Recovery. — Feeling the Pangs of Death upon her, she sent to *Villamaur*, to beg the Count de CHEVREUX would permit me to come to the Monastery (he having, never since her Elopement, granted me that Privilege) Being assured by the Person employ'd in that Errand, that she was really near her last Hour, he suffered himself to be prevailed on, and with me sent his Forgiveness, and Prayers for her enjoying a greater Share of Happiness in another World, than she had known in this. It was with a Torrent of Tears, and Heart-bursting Sighs, that that afflicted Lady took me in her Arms; and, having recounted some Part of the Misfortunes she had endur'd, and the Delusions she had suffered herself to fall into, It was, my dear Child! said she to me, to warn you of the Artifices of that deceiving Sex, that I desired to see you. — That by my sad Example, you may shun the Experience of a Fate so miserable, and unlamented, as mine. — All Men are false, continued she, and take a Pride in the Ruin of our Sex. — But those who have been trained up in Courts, are worst of all: — Accustom'd to Hypocrisy in the Tricks of State, 'tis not in the Compass of Woman's short Discernment, to penetrate into their Wiles. — O listen not to their destructive Vows! — Believe them not, for when they seem most to adore, most to love, 'tis then they are most contriving to undo you. She said many other Things to the same Purpose, which terminated in obliging me to take an Oath,

Never

Never to marry a Person, who had any Place or Dependence at the Court. ——— This I did, in the most solemn Manner which Words could form, with this Exception only, Unless I were compell'd by my Father's absolute Authority. ——— Having seen this, which she seemed so eagerly to desire, compleated, she sunk down in the Bed, and, as though she had now no longer Business for Life, resigned it in a Moment, expiring without Sigh or Groan.

Judge now, my dear De Brosse, of the Concern with which I hear, that you are become a Courtier. ——— The only Station my Vow debars me from. Could you now render your Pretensions acceptable to my Father, I am compelled to disobey even his Commands, and, contrary to Duty, and to Love, deny myself the Pleasure of your Society. ——— 'Tis Fate, I see, inevitable Fate! which makes every thing concur to sever us for Ever. ——— Endeavour, therefore, to forget me. Be happy, and leave to her ill Fortune,

The Forlorn

LARISSA.

With what kind of Emotions the Soul of De Brosse was agitated, at the Reading this, would be very impossible to describe. ——— By what I have already said of the extream Passion he had for her, the Reader will be better

better able to judge of his Affliction, than by any Words of mine.——He was, Two or Three Times, in the Mind to throw up his Place, and renounce all the Favours he had received from the King, and those Friends by whose Interest he had become a Favourite; but the Dictates of those Remains of Reason, which Love had left him, interposed, and, for a Time, prevented him:——He resolved, however, to get rid of this Impediment to his Hopes, and to that End, formed a Contrivance to feign himself violently indispos'd, and by pretending, that nothing but the Country Air would relieve him, get Leave to sell his Post.——The Scheme was well enough laid, but before he could get Things in Readiness to perfect it, he heard News, which took from him the Power of having Recourse to Measures of so slow an Accomplishment. He was credibly informed, That the *Count de VISNAY* having seen *LARISSA* at our Lady's Chapel at *Villamaur*, had fallen violently in Love with her; that he had declared his Passion to her Father, and was approved by him in so great a Manner, that there was nothing wanting, but her Consent, for the Celebration of the Marriage. He was too sincere in his Professions of Passion, to be told, He was so near the utter Destruction of his Hopes, without being transported beyond the Power of dull Consideration, and without reflecting what Conjectures might be made of his Behaviour, left the Court at a Time, when his Attendance there could not well be dispensed with.——He made no Confidante of his
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Designs,

Designs, but, ordering Two of his best Horses to be saddled, departed from his House, not taking Leave of any body; and, accompanied but by one Servant, who was also, at present, as ignorant as the rest, of his Master's Intentions, set out for *Villamaur*. — The Impatience of his Desires making him regardless of Fatigue, he arrived there in much less Time, than a common Courier would have done; nor, 'till he was in Sight of the Castle which contained the Treasure of his Soul, did he reflect how odd it would appear for him to come in that Manner: He could not but imagine, the Count would be strangely amazed at seeing him, and that his Visit might raise Suspicions in that jealous Man, to the Ruin of the Design which brought him. — Perplex'd in Mind to the last Degree, he check'd his Horse's Speed, and, for some Moments, remain'd motionless, and lost in Thought. — Nor had he, perhaps, been able to resolve on any thing in a much longer Time, if the sudden Trampling of a good Number of Horses, had not obliged him to look towards them: — But how far unequal is Language, to express what 'twas he felt, when, at their Approach, he perceived this Company to be the *Count de CHEVREUX*, and his Family, with the *Count de VISNAY*, who rode by the Side of *LARISSA*; Never had that Charmer appeared more beautiful, than at this Instant, to the Eyes of the adoring, languishing, half distracted *Baron*. — The Heat of the Weather, and Exercise, having rode pretty hard, added to the natural Freshness of her

her Complection, and her rich, and well fancied riding Habit, became her so extreamly well, that, had she been surrounded by Nymphs, as she was by Men, she might have been taken for a Second DIANA, returning from the Chase. — He was presently known by them, and being asked by the *Count de CHEVREUX*, To what Part of the Country he was going? was not a little at a Loss how to reply: — But, at last, with some Hesitation, said, That some Business calling him about Twenty Miles further, he designed to wait on him in his Journey. — The *Count* seemed very well pleased at his Design, and told him, He was come very opportunely to be a Witness of his Daughter's Happiness, who was, in a few Days, to be married to the *Count de VISNAY*: It was as much as the *Baron* could do to force himself to salute that hated Rival at these Words; but that Task being performed, as he approached LARISSA, he met yet a much greater Shock. That Lady received his Compliment with an Air so disdainful, so severely cold, as chill'd his very Soul, and struck him with a Terror, impossible to be express'd. — This was not a Place, however, for him to take Notice of it, and he was obliged to veil his secret Disquiets, under an Appearance of Serenity. — When they came into the Castle, a noble Collation was prepar'd, the Glasse went briskly round, and every body seem'd gay, but *De Brosse*. — The *Count De CHEVREUX* observing his Chagrin, began to rally him about it, telling him, He was afraid the Power he had

so long despis'd, had now taken hold of him ; But, said he, methinks you should rather *re-joyce* in your Conversion, than *regret* it, since you have met so early a Reward. Nothing could be more surprized, than *De Brosse* was at these Words, the Meaning of which, for his Soul, he could not comprehend : ——— But he remained not long in Doubt, for, in-treating the *Count* to explain himself, Do you think, said he, That your Passion for *Madam de MONBRAY* is a Secret ; there has scarce any thing, since your Departure, been more talked of. ——— I expected you would, by this Time, have been married : ——— The *Mar-shal* tells me, It is News which he is in Ex-pectation of every Post. ——— The *Marshal*, replied *De Brosse*, has, perhaps, his own Reasons for spreading that Report ; but, I assure you, my Lord, there is so little Foundation for it, that, 'till this Moment, I never knew I was suspected to be in Election of that Hon-our. ——— Fie, *Baron* ! interrupted *LARISSA*, with the most killing Scorn in her Eyes and Voice, 'tis ungenerous in you to seem to slight those Favours in *Publick*, which you have been so assiduous to gain in *Private*. ——— We know of your riding Post to overtake her on her Journey, at a little Village, where she, kind Lady ! waited in Expectation of your coming. ——— 'Tis certain, indeed, *Madam*, answered he, struck to the Soul at her Beha-viour, that I did travel some Part of the Road to *Paris* in Company with that Lady ; but with the same Truth I can also averr, That it was owing to Design on neither Side. The Gravity,

Gravity, and visible Concern, with which he pronounced these Words, served only to convince the Company, that what they had been told, was true, and every body rallied him with all the Smartness imaginable; but none were sensible how deeply it affected him, but LARISSA: That Lady, though she despised his seeming Mutability, and resented, in the highest Manner, the Affront she believed he had put on her, had yet, either so much good Nature, or Remains of Tenderness for him, as obliged her to pity the Confusion she saw him in; and being desirous to put an End to it, I beg, my Lords, said she, you will insist no farther on this Discourse; 'tis a tender Point, and, I think, the *Baron* is rather to be applauded, than condemned, for the Care he expresses of a Lady's Honour.

—It was in vain that he endeavoured to alter the Opinion they had conceived of him, by a Thousand reiterated Vows and Protestations; the more earnest he appeared in his Denials, the more they disbelieved what he said, and he was at last obliged to be silent in the Affair.

Being press'd by the *Count de CHEVREUX*, and all present, except LARISSA, to continue at *Villamaur*, 'till after the Celebration of that Lady's Marriage, he willingly accepted the Invitation, hoping, That before that fatal Day arrived, he should be able to undeceive her so far, as to prevail on her, not to cut off at once, those Hopes she had raised him to, by giving herself to another. — But, as zealous as he was in endeavouring an Opportunity

portunity to speak to her alone, she was as careful in avoiding it; nor, 'till the very Night before the Day designed for the Nuptials, was he able to speak one Word to her in Private, and then it happened by the Means of him, who, had he known the Secrets of either of their Hearts, would have been most industrious to have prevented it: *Count de VISNAY*, and the afflicted *Baron*, were walking with her in the Garden, when a Page of the *Count's* came to inform him, a Gentleman desired to speak with him: They were all turning towards the House, when he said to her, Do not, *Madam*, deprive yourself of the Pleasure this sweet Evening affords; the *Baron* cannot want Gallantry sufficient to divert you, 'till my Return, which shall be in a few Minutes: He had no sooner spoke these Words, than, with a gay Air, he walked hastily away, little suspecting what the Consequence of the Liberty he allowed, would be.

The *Baron*, in Possession of that Opportunity he had so long languished for, and vainly sought, did not fail to make the best Use of it he could. — The *Count* was no sooner out of Hearing, than he began to complain of the Severity of her Treatment, in the most tender Terms, letting her know, That he had taken that Journey on purpose to assure her, That no Consideration was of Force with him, when her Love was in Question; that he had not only run the Risque of the King's Displeasure by leaving the Court without Permission, but that he also would make himself
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a voluntary Exile for ever from it, since it would render him less pleasing to her: —That the Report which the *Marshal* TURENNE had caused to be spread of his Passion for *Madam de MONBRAY*, had no farther Ground, than his Jealousy of it, because that Lady was so generous, as to oppose his Marriage with HENRIETTA, who she knew was the Mistress of her Brother. — All these Arguments did he urge in the softest, most endearing Manner in the World, and never was Woman more put to it than she was, to maintain any Part of that Reserve she had so solemnly promised herself she would always wear in his Presence. — A Thousand Times was she about to prevent his saying any thing which might melt her more, by leaving him; but as awful a Lover as he was, Despair now made him bold, he held her by the Garments, as she attempted to move, and, in spite of herself, she was obliged to stay and listen to the dangerous Temptation. — 'Tis true, he could not obtain one kind Word from her, in answer to all he said; nor could he guess by her Behaviour, that she would do any thing in Favour of his Hopes; yet he could not but perceive all the Softness she once avow'd for him, was not utterly extinguish'd in the Merits of her new Adorer. — But what did it avail him? — What Benefit was he like to receive from her discovered Love? — She was going to be married: — The very next Sun was to see her torn for ever from him, and given to another. — What had he to expect, but Ruin and Despair? — The

—— The Condition in which he pass'd that Night, might serve as an Excuse for all the Faults which raging Love hereafter inforced him to commit.

But now 'twas Time for the little Deity to afford his Votary some Respite for his long, long Age of Sufferings. ——— Early in the Morning, as he was lying on his uneasy Bed, he heard a confus'd Noise of Persons running up and down the House: He doubted not, but it was the Servants hurrying to prepare Things for the Wedding, and every Step was a new Dagger to his Soul, 'till his Chamber-Door being, on a sudden, push'd open, he saw the *Count de CHEVREUX* enter, with a Countenance so pale and troubled, as filled him with a new Affright, that something fatal had happened to his adored *LARISSA*. Surprise and Dread took from him the Power of Speech, when the *Count* accosted him in this Manner. ——— O, my dear *Baron*! said he, my Daughter, whom I expected so much Happiness in, is seized with a sudden, and most violent Frenzy. ——— How! cry'd out *De Brosse*, then the Marriage is put off! ——— The Marriage, interrupted the *Count*, strangely amazed at so odd a Reply, why, do I not tell you, that she is mad ——— raving mad? and 'tis as much as every body in the House can do, to prevent her committing some Violence. The *Baron*, whose Heart exulted with a secret Triumph, for he imagin'd not it was a real Disorder which had seized her, could scarce contain the swelling Joy from breaking out before the *Count*, but endeavouring, as much

as possible, to forbear doing any thing, which might render fruitless all that the kind LARISSA had done for him; he forced himself to some Expressions of Concern; and, beginning to dress himself with as much Expedition as he could, told him, He would go with him to visit her; that he had some little Skill in the Distemper, having often been with a Relation, who was seized in the same Manner, with a sudden Delirium.

When he was conducted into the Chamber, how charmingly did the Disorder she had put herself in, make her appear to the Heart-ravish'd De Brosse? ——— He easily saw through the Disguise which had blinded the Eyes of both Father and Lover, as well as all the Servants; and though she acted the Part she had taken upon her, with admirable Artifice, yet he was not to be deceived or terrified, as the rest were. ——— He came, however, with great Gravity, to feel her Pulse, but that was a Favour she would allow to none of them; she tore, scratch'd with her Nails, and bit every one who attempted to come near her, and never was Man so much confounded and grieved, as the poor *Count de CHEVREUX*. Servants were immediately dispatched for Physicians, but she baffled all their Skill, and, by a counterfeited Madness, kept them more at a Distance, than, perhaps, in a real one, she would have been able to have done. ——— They told the *Count*, That it was impossible to prescribe any thing for her Cure, unless she were removed to one of their Houses, where they could find Means to oblige

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her to submit to what was proper for her.

— Finding no Amendment in her, he was, at last, prevailed to consent to her being carried from the Castle, and the next Day after this Determination, was fixed for her Departure.

— *De Brosse* now began to wonder what the Event of this would be; but by Reason of her supposed Distemper, she was too strictly watched for him to get an Opportunity of speaking to her. — He doubted not, but she had feign'd herself so only to avoid her Marriage with the *Count*, but, being ignorant in what Manner she had formed the Scheme, was altogether unable to assist her in it. — He was in the Chamber with the two *Counts*, Father, and intended Husband, and several other Persons of Note, who, hearing of the Accident, had come to visit her, and condole with the Family, when, on a sudden, she cry'd out, Her Arm was on Fire, and they must bring Water to quench it: — And throwing herself cross a Chair which stood between her's, and that *De Brosse* was sitting on, she gave him a little pluck by the Sleeve, unperceiv'd by any body. — Humour her by all Means, cry'd he; give me some Water, I will pretend to pour it on her Arm. — Some-body giving him a Bason immediately, he caught hold of her Arm, impatiently watching what she would do; when he felt her steal something softly into his Bosom, as he stoop'd busy about her. — She had no sooner accomplish'd her Design, than starting wildly up, she seem'd to be possess'd of another *Chimera*, different from the former, and so well counterfeited

terfeited the various Turns and Humours of a Person possess'd of a Frenzy, that everybody, but *De Brosse*, was deceived by it.

That Gentleman, transported beyond himself at the Favour he had just received, was unable long to restrain the Dictates of his Impatience, and as soon as he could disengage himself from her, got out of the Room to examine the Contents of that dear Paper; which he found were as follow.

To the Baron de *BROSSE*.

WHEN the Heart takes Part, how easy is it for us to believe? ——— I begin to think you less ungrateful, than you have been represented; and if not your Love, dare so much depend on your Honour and Friendship, as not to doubt your Readiness to prevent my Ruin, which must inevitably happen, if I marry the Count de *VISNAY*, who, though he has many Merits, I never can be happy with. ——— Find some Way, if possible; to deliver me from the Miseries of a forc'd Marriage. ——— As I have overcome those Scruples which my Duty rais'd, there is nothing I will not hazard to escape that. ——— Let me know your Resolution, and if I may confide enough in your good Nature, to assure myself of a Relief from this threaten'd Calamity, and on your Honour afterwards of treating me, when in your Power, no otherwise, than shall become you to a Woman to whom you have pretended an Esteem.

LARISSA.

It would be altogether needless to attempt any Description of the Ecstasy so unexpected a Condescension raised in the Soul of the enamoured *Baron*: By what has been already said of the Violence of his Passion, his Transports may, with much more Ease, be supplied by the Force of Imagination, than by the most elegant Representation; so I shall only say, That Joy had almost put him into the Condition, which *LARISSA* but feigned to be. — There was no Possibility of containing himself, and, conscious of the Alteration it enforced in his Countenance and Gesture, he returned not to the Company, but kept walking in the adjacent Fields and Meadows the best Part of the Day, and, perhaps, had not, a great while, combated a greater Difficulty, than to compose himself, at last, so far, as not to render the Change visible to all that had before taken Notice of his Chagrin: And it is to be questioned, if, with all the Artifice he was Master of, he could have so far disguised his Sentiments, as not to have been guess'd at by Persons of so nice a Discernment, as those he had to deal with, if their own Affairs had not too much taken up their Minds, to permit any Attention to those of another's.

The next Day he found an Opportunity to convey to his ador'd *LARISSA*, the Answer to her Billet, which was in these Terms, as near as it can be translated from the Original.

To

To the Divine L A R I S S A.

WONDER not, O, most Ador'd! that I
 returned not my Thanks for the unhop'd
 Blessing yours contained, the Hour I received it.
 ——— It may rather be a Matter of Surprize,
 that the Ecstasy with which my whole Soul is
 still overwhelmed, permits me yet to do it in any
 Form. The ravishing Declaration you are so
 good to make me, that you see not De VISNAY
 with Eyes of Tenderness, is more than I am
 well able to support. ——— Excess of Joy, as
 of Grief, is often fatal, and so swift a Vicissi-
 tude from the utmost Extravagance of one to
 the other, jure no Heart, but mine, ever has
 experienced. ——— You command me, my An-
 gel! to contrive some Means, by which you may
 avoid the Dangers which threaten you: I know
 of none, but flying them. ——— I will therefore
 lay a Scheme, which, if you will agree to the
 Execution of, it must be speedy, for they talk
 of removing you to Morrow, whence it will
 be impossible for you to escape, or to remain,
 without the kind Deceit you have been guilty
 of in my Favour, being made known. ——— I go
 from you about the Design I have form'd, which,
 as soon as compleated, will let you know, by
 the same Way this comes, what Part you are to
 act in it. ——— The Confidence you are so di-
 vinely kind to place in my Honour, shews your
 own Excellence of Nature, which will not suffer
 Room for any mean Suspicions; and when, from
 any Act of mine, you have Cause to repent this
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Condescension, may Heaven's severest Curses be my Portion. — I would add more to convince you of my Sincerity and Honour, but that the Time it would take up, may be better employed in serving you in a more effectual Way. — I choose therefore, by Deeds, rather than Words, to prove how much I am,

The Adorable LARISSA's

Most Devoted, and

Everlasting Servant,

De Brosse.

Having slipp'd this into her Hand unperceiv'd by any body, he went immediately to the Apartment which had been allotted for him by the *Count de CHEVREUX*, and calling for his Two Servants, told them, He had a Business to communicate to them, which would try their Faith; but if they behaved in the Manner he expected from them, no Reward should be wanting to recompense their Truth. Both of them having attested their Zeal to serve him in any Enterprize, he acquainted them with the Progress of his Affection for LARISSA, and the Promise he had made of carrying her away that Night: And then consulted with them on the Means. — Neither of them could find any way to get the Horses out of the *Count's* Stables, without the Know-

Knowledge of his Servants, and this seemed an almost invincible Obstacle to the Design; for to hire any at an Inn, would be also suspected, and occasion a Talk in the Country, which would infallibly hinder the Success.

—— One of these Fellows, after a little Pause, perceiving his Master in the utmost Perplexity; Sir, said he, I fancy I have hit on a Thought, which may be fortunate; at least, it carries a greater Probability in it, than any thing which has yet been mentioned. What is it, cried *De Brosse*, impatiently? You know, Sir, resumed he, that the Lady is, to Morrow, to be carried to the House of a Physician, about Eleven Miles distant from this Castle; I hear, among the Servants, that but One of them, besides the Doctor, and Two Men belonging to him, are to attend her: Now, I believe, it would be no hard Matter for us to take her from them.——

It is the most feasible Project in the World, cry'd the *Baron*, and, if both the *Count de CHEVREUX*, and *De VISNAY*, should also accompany her, a Passion, like mine, is sufficient to add Strength to the most enervate Arm: I would force her from them, were their Number twice doubled. I doubt not that, my Lord, replied the contriving Servant; but I am certain they do not go, because they would have her Removal, and the Cause of it, as private as possible, hoping, she will be soon recovered, and would not have the Adventure talked of.—— But there is one Thing, Sir, continued he, which must be done, in order to the carrying on
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our Plot: A Letter must be counterfeited from *Paris*, commanding your Return to Court with all Expedition—— Which you must pretend to obey, and, taking a sudden Leave, quit the Castle to Night; by that Means, we shall depart without Suspicion, and may lie at some Inn on the Road, where we shall be ready to seize her, as she passes.

—— The *Baron* could scarce refrain from kissing and embracing him, for Advice which seemed so likely to make him Master of all he wished on Earth, and assuring him, he would hereafter raise him above the Degree of a Servant, dispatched both him, and his Fellow, while he prepared a Letter, such as he might shew to the *Count de CHEVREUX*, to excuse his abrupt Departure: His Hand had never been seen, therefore it was easy for him to write in a Manner, such as might be taken for that of the King's private Secretary; which, when he had finished, he writ another to *LARISSA*, containing an Account of their Design, and letting her know, She had nothing to do, but to continue to act the Part she had begun, which, instead of carrying to a Doctor's, would put her under the Care of a Lover, who had no Wishes, but to serve her. He had the same Success in delivering this, as he had in his former one; nor was he in the least suspected, when he shewed the other to the *Count*, who, though sorry he must lose the Pleasure of his Company so soon, could not offer any thing in Opposition to his Departure. —— He had enough of the Courtier in him, to dissemble his Sentiments so far, as

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to take Leave, both of the Father, and intended Husband of his Mistress, with a seeming Openness and Frankness of Behaviour, which left no Room for Imagination, that any dark Design could harbour under so great an Appearance of Sincerity. But, not to prolong the Narrative I am about to make, he left *Villamaur*, with his Two Servants, and being wholly guided by him who had been the Projector of this Scheme, stopp'd at a House of his recommending, where, 'tis to be believed, he slept with more Satisfaction, than he had done for many Nights before, not doubting, but he was now secure of that Blessing, which so lately he despair'd of ever obtaining the Possession of: But, alas! how often does Hope deceive us! How common is it for us, when we think ourselves most happy, to be, in Reality, most wretched! ——— How near was now the *Baron* to experiencing this Truth! ——— That faithless Servant proposing to himself a Double Interest in seeming to serve his Master, and then betraying him, as soon as the *Baron* was in Bed, making some Excuse to his Fellow-Servant, that having an Acquaintance that lived near, he would take this Opportunity of going to see him, saddled one of the best Horses, and set out with all Speed for *Villamaur*, designing to reveal the whole Matter to the *Count de CHEVREUX*, and return to the Inn, before he should be call'd for by his Master: But Heaven would not permit so great a Piece of Treachery to go unpunish'd.

——— As he rode, with an uncautious Speed, the Night being Dark, his Horse stumbled at

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a large Stone which happened to lie in the Way, and threw his Rider with so great a Force, that in the Fall, his Leg was broke.

—— In the utmost Extremity of Anguish did he lie 'till Morning, when, by Accident, some of the *Count's* Servants being out, saw him in this miserable State, and, knowing him to belong to *De Brosse*, were not a little surprized to see him so near, whom they expected had, by this Time, reached good Part of the Way to *Paris*; but he informed them no farther, than that he was sent to the *Count*, and desired he might be carried to the Castle.—— They immediately did so, where he acquainted that surprized Gentleman with his Master's Design on *LARISSA*.—— The *Count* had scarce Patience to hear him out, but crying out, Then he has accomplish'd his Intent by this Time; for my Daughter is gone, and he could not fail of meeting her; alarm'd all the Family, and sent them some one Way, some another, while himself, and the *Count de Visnay*, on Horseback, travers'd the Country round, resolving not to return, 'till they had reveng'd the Indignity offered to them both.—— Neither of them, however, forgot to give the Fellow who brought them this Intelligence, a Reward, with an Assurance, that, since he had got this Misfortune by doing them Service, he should be taken Care of, not only 'till he was recovered, but his whole Life also; for as he had not return'd to the *Baron*, it could not be expected, that he should be ignorant of what he had done, or would ever receive him into Favour again.

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In this Perplexity of Mind, let us a while leave the Father, and unlov'd Admirer of this fair Occasion of Disquiet, and return to him, who, by these late Testimonies of her recover'd Favour, thought his Condition above the Reach of Fate. Early in the Morning having placed himself, with that Servant who remained with him, in the Way which he knew she must pass, he found it no difficult Task to take her from those Persons who had the Charge of conducting her; and these Lovers had now the full Opportunity of giving and receiving a thousand Vows of mutual Tenderness, and everlasting Faith.——Fain would he have persuaded her to have given herself intirely to him; he told her, that in a very few Miles distant, there lived a Priest, whom he could easily prevail on, to give a Sanction to their Loves; but she could not so far throw off that Duty, which, 'till this last Action, she had taken so much Pains to preserve, as to yield to his Desires.——She told him, that he ought to content himself with the Assurance she had given him, never to be another's, without pressing her any farther, 'till Time should work an Alteration in their Fortunes.——It has been only the Passion your Merits have inspir'd me with, said she, that has created in me that obstinate Aversion to the *Count de VISNAY*, and you may depend, that I have the same for all Mankind, in the Way of Marriage, except yourself:——*De Brosse* is all I ever did, or ever can love, and so dearly do I prize the Affection he seems at present to favour me with, that I can never

yield to render myself unworthy of it, and will choose rather to be unhappy to a long Eternity without him, than, by giving myself to him, render my Conduct such as he may justly condemn.——I have perform'd what Love inspir'd, in flying your Rival, suffer me now to do something for Duty, and as I have for you been guilty of Disobedience to my Father's Commands, in refusing the Man he bad me love, must now refuse you: —— It being the least I can do, not to marry without his Consent, since I have gone such Lengths to avoid marrying without yours. It was to no Purpose that Love argued powerfully on his Side, she had fixed her Resolution, and was not to be prevailed on to recede from it, and he was obliged to consent to conduct her to that Monastery which her Mother, *Madam de CHEVREUX*, had made Choice of for her Residence, after the Misfortunes which her Love had brought on her.

But they had made but a very little Progress in their intended Journey, before they were met by a Chaise and Six, attended by Two or Three Servants. —— This was no other, than *Madam de MONBRAY*, who, hearing of the *Baron's* sudden Departure, and by Letters from a Person belonging to her Brother, being informed, he was at the *Count de CHEVREUX's*, was seized immediately by a most violent Jealousy, and, following only the Instigations of her Passion, was come into the Country, with a Resolution to know the Truth. —— The Sight of him, with *LARISSA* behind him, left her no Room to doubt, but
that

that her most dreaded Suspicions had but too just a Foundation, and ordering the Man that drove the Chaise to stop, accosted him (who would rather have encounter'd Ten Legions of Fiends, than her Upbraidings) in these Words.

—— Is it thus, Monster of Ingratitude, said she, that you return the Favours of a Woman above you? and, having been the Ruin of MONBRAY, are you now come to exercise your betraying Faculty in the Family of CHEVREUX? —— Too much has thy Deceits been successful in *Paris*, and now thou comest to triumph in *Villamaur*. —— She was going on in this Manner, when *De Brosse*, who, though at a greater Loss in what Manner he should behave, than ever he had been in his whole Life, recovered Presence enough of Mind, to interrupt her in this Manner.

—— I am sorry, reply'd he, that a Lady of *Madam de Monbray's* Quality and good Sense, should have so little Regard to either, as to expose herself in this Manner, for no other Reason, than to prejudice a Person, who never gave her Cause of Offence. —— You very well know, continued he (being at present too sensibly touch'd to respect any thing, but clearing himself to *Larissa*) that I never consider'd your Ladyship, but in a Light above my Hopes of loving, and if I have been *ungrateful* for Favours which you, unask'd, conferr'd, I am not *inconstant*, when, I confess, that to be well received here, is all can make me happy. —— It would be impossible to make any Description of this distracted Lady's Behaviour, when she heard him declare himself

self in Terms so void, either of Tenderneſs or Eſteem, nor the Curſes and Imprecations which crouded ſo faſt on one another, that they were ſcarce intelligible to him who heard them.

LARISSA all this while ſpoke not a Word, but endur'd ſomething more terrible in her Mind, than there is a Poſſibility of conceiving, without experiencing the ſame Cauſes for it, which ſhe had : And *De Brosſe* diſingaging himſelf as ſoon as poſſible from this diſagreeable Converſation, was beginning to add ſomething to the *Eclairciſſment* he had already made of his Sentiments in the Preſence of *Madam de Monbray*, to convince that beloved Lady, that ſhe alone had been the Object of his Wiſhes, and that all the Complaiſance he had paid the other, had been but, as it were, enforced from him, when ſhe prevented his proceeding, by answering what he had alledg'd, in theſe Words. ——— You need not be at any Pains, *Monsieur*, ſaid ſhe, to correct the Sentiments this Adventure has inſpir'd me with. ——— I am fully convinced I now have none, but ſuch as are juſt, and have no more the Power, than I have the Will, to alter any Part of them. She utter'd this with an Accent ſo ſcornfully cool, that it damp'd all the ſpringing Hopes which ſo lately had flouriſh'd in the Heart of the enamour'd *Baron* : He ſaw that it would not be without the utmoſt Difficulty, he ſhould be able to eraze that Opinion which this Accident, join'd to the Report that had before been ſo prejudicial to him, had fixed in the Mind of his adored LARISSA, but
ſuffer'd

suffer'd not himself to sink so far in Despair, as not to be able to say every thing necessary for the recovering her Favour: Never were Vows and Proteſtations carry'd to a greater Height, than thoſe he made her.——Never was the Reſolution of a Woman who lov'd, in greater Danger of being ſhaken; and few there are (poſſeſs'd with the ſame Degree of Tenderneſs ſhe was) but would, in ſpite of all the Appearances againſt him, have yielded to his Reaſons, and forgot Reſentment: But this diſcreet Lady, determining neither to be too angry, nor too kind, made no other Answer to all he ſaid, than, that when ſhe was fixed in the Cloyſter, he ſhould know her Mind.——He was obliged to content himſelf with this, and though he doubted not, but he was undone, had too much Regard and true Affection to oblige the lovely Author of his Diſquiet, to put it paſt the Power of Fortune to render him any longer miſerable, by taking any Meaſures with her, but ſuch as were conſiſtent with the moſt humble Diſtance.——They ſpent ſo much Time, however, in this tender Diſpute, that all the Meaſures which both of them had taken, were utterly deſtroy'd by it.

Madam de MONERAY, burning with Diſdain, and impatient for Revenge, was going directly to the Houſe of the *Count de CHEVREUX*, in order to acquaint him with what ſhe had ſeen, and know of him, if it were by his Permiſſion his Daughter was ſo accompanied; but ſhe had not proſecuted her Journey above a Mile, when ſhe met that afflicted Father,

with

with the *Count de VISNAY*, and being by them informed of the Truth of every Thing, immediately directed them which way they should take to pursue the fair Fugitive. It is not to be doubted, but that they gladly followed her Advice, which, in a little Time, brought them in Sight of those they were in Search of. The Distraction *LARISSA* was in when, the Trampling of Horses behind them obliging her to look back, she perceived it was her Father, and the *Count de VISNAY*, the most elegant Pen would find itself deficient in the Description of. — She wish'd to be that Moment struck dead, rather than endure the more dreaded Reproaches of him, whose smallest Indignation she had been taught to tremble at. — But this, though terrible, was infinitely short of what she felt, when *De Brosse's* Horse, having a double Weight, was immediately overtaken by those of the Two *Counts*. *De CHEVREUX* drawing his Sword, and running furiously towards them, swore he would stab them together, and, by that Means, put an End to the Dishonour of his Family, by the Fondness of the one, and Inhospitality of the other. — One, or both, had certainly ended their Lives by that Blow, had not the *Count de VISNAY*, who trembled for *LARISSA*, interposed, and caught hold of the offended Father's Arm, while, at the same Time, she jump'd off the Horse, and gave *De Brosse* the Liberty of defending himself.

Let the sensible Reader judge, what this unhappy Lady must endure, while she saw her Father, and her Lover, thus engaged; but
long

long she suffer'd not Terrors altogether so severe as the first, for the *Count de VISNAY*, who was really a Man of great Generosity and Honour, putting himself between them, I must not permit a Combat such as this. I look upon myself as chiefly concerned in this Affair, and will not trust the Revenge of Injuries, such as mine, to any other Hand, than my own. ——— With these Words, putting the *Count* by, he rush'd upon *De Brosse* with a Violence, which obliged the other to make use of his utmost Skill to hinder it from being fatal; but after Two or Three Pushes, in which he had the better, he press'd on his Adversary with such Success, that he had certainly put an End at once to his Life and Pretensions, had not *De Chevreux* run in to his Assistance. ——— The *Baron* had now a difficult Task to make his Party good against Two Antagonists. ——— For *De Visnay*, exasperated by the Smart of his Wounds, and the Fears of losing *Larissa*, opposed not the Assistance her Father brought him; and *De Brosse*, cover'd over with Blood, must infallibly have fallen a Sacrifice to his Love, and their Resentment, if, in the very Moment that happen'd to be the Crisis of his Fate, a Gentleman, who riding that Way, and was drawn by the Clashing of their Swords, and the Cries of *Larissa*, to turn into that Part of the Road where they were, had not averted the Blow, which, else, would have been the last he would have been sensible of receiving.

Now did the Apprehensions of the afflicted LARISSA, grow more terrible than ever — She feared for her Father's Life; for her Lover's; pitied *de VISNAY*; and was griev'd for the Stranger, whose Honour alone had engag'd him in this fatal Quarrel — She saw several Wounds given and taken, without moving from the Place where she stood. — But seeing her Father press'd too hard by the more vigorous Arm of the new Comer, and obliged to retire some Paces, she flew between the Swords, crying out, O hold! and spare my Father, or destroy me first — These Words, and the Sight of the Person who spoke them, made the Gentleman immediately drop the Point of his Sword, and bowing to the Pommel of his Saddle, The Commands of the Divine LARISSA, answer'd he, are Fate — He was about to say something more, when some of the Count's Servants, who had been making fruitless Search after our fair Fugitive, approach'd the Place, and were no sooner perceived by their Master, than he cry'd out, Here, here is the Villain, pointing to *de BROSSÉ*; let him no longer 'scape the Stroke of Justice; sheath all your Swords at once within his Breast. They immediately prepared to execute this Command, when the Chevalier, who had already been so serviceable to the *Baron*, this second Time preserv'd him from the Danger which threatned him, by throwing himself before him; and putting himself in a Posture which declared he meant to do as he said, swore whoever attempted his Life, should first take his; the

Count

Count de VISNAY generously seconded him, protesting that he would not owe his Revenge to Baseness and Inhumanity; and the implacable CHEVREUX was obliged to yield to their Force, though not to their Arguments. LARRISSA was in the mean Time taken up behind one of the Servants, and guarded by the rest, and followed by her Father, and the *Count de VISNAY*, carried rather dead than alive, through the Extremity of her Fears and Grief, to the Castle, leaving the *Baron* with his Preserver, to conclude this Scene of Mysteries, in a Manner which she had some Cause to fear would be fatal to one or both of them.

When they were alone, it was not the Smart of many Wounds, nor the more galling and severer Anguish, which to see LARRISSA torn from his weak Defence, inflicted on his Mind, could have the Power to make the *Baron* forgetful of what he owed to Gratitude.

— He made all the handsome Acknowledgements to his Deliverer that could be expected, and much more than the other desir'd to receive; who interrupting him in a Manner vastly different from that Politeness and Affability which his Air, and the former Part of his Behaviour, had denoted — I beg, said he, you would forbear any Expressions of a Thankfulness which I am far from meriting — I am neither fond of obliging you, nor would willingly be obliged to you.

—— If I have done you any Service, it was because I was bound to it by those Rules from which I cannot swerve ——— A Man oppress'd by Odds, commands the Aid of every

Man of Honour ——— But tho' I saved your Life when I saw it attempted by unjust means, I despise the Friendship of one who brought himself into that Danger by his own Villainy and Baseness ——— And be assured, were you in a Condition, I should be the first who would endeavour the Punishments of a Crime like yours. There is scarce a Possibility for any Surprize to exceed that which seiz'd the Soul of *de Brosse*, at so unexpected a Return to his Civilities; and being far from comprehending what the Stranger meant by an Accusation which he thought he deserv'd from none, much less from a Person to whom he was altogether unknown; he desir'd he would explain himself, assuring him, that if convinced of any Wrong he had committed, either against him, or any Friend whose Cause he thought fit to espouse, the Obligation he had just received, should make him freely acknowledge and repair it. Who calls himself a Man of Honour, replied the *Chevalier*, yet sins against those Rules by which he holds that Charter, sins against all who truly merit to be term'd so. ——— And sure (continued he, with a Voice and Eyes wholly inflamed with Wrath) the Rape for which you were just now about to answer with your Life, merits no less a Punishment; nor did I attempt any Thing in your Defence, to preserve you from the just Revenge of the *Count de Chevreux*, but to prevent him from staining with a Shew of Baseness, what, perform'd by other Means, would be an Act of Justice.

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The *Baron* was about to make some Reply to these Words, but was hindred by a great Number of Horsemen, who, as they came near, he immediately knew to be the Servants of the *Marshal TALLARD*: All of them uncovering as they approach'd the Stranger, told him they were sent by their Master in Search of him, hearing on what Design he was gone, and that by them, he intreated him to return, and leave to those whose Interest it more nearly concerned, the Pursuit or Punishment of the *Baron de Brosse*. Behold him here, said the *Chevalier*, Fate has made a strange Alteration in my Design — The Man I vow'd to kill, lives but by my means. — However, pursued he, turning to the *Baron*, my Resolution holds firm, and if you are to be found, expect to hear from me. He had no sooner spoke this, than he mingled with those that came to him, and all setting Spurs to their Horses, were immediately lost in a Cloud of Dust.

This Disaster left the *Baron* no Room to doubt, but this was an Enemy as implacable, tho' more generous, than the *Count de CHEVREUX*; but for what Reason he was so, was yet a Mystery — Feeling himself faint with the Loss of Blood, he made what haste he could to the next Inn, where he ordered a Surgeon to be sent for, and had his *Bodily* Wounds dress'd; but, alas! those of his *Mind* admitted of no Cure, nor was there any Balm to ease the cruel Smart which the various Particulars of this Day's Adventure had occasioned. In this Perplexity of Mind let us
leave

leave him for a while, and see what became of *Madam de MONBRAY*.

That violent-spirited Lady, almost distracted with what she had seen and heard, knew not well what to do with herself — She was at Variance with her Brother, and would not lodge at his House, and was in too much Disorder to go to any of her Acquaintance, tho' she had many in these Parts: she therefore determined, since the Time she had to stay would be but short, to lie at an Inn — Chance directed her to that very House where *de Brosse* was, and soon being informed with whom she was become an Inmate, she flew to the Chamber where he lay, and gave no inconsiderable Addition to the Discontents he labour'd under, by venting on him, in the most bitter Reproaches, her yet inexhausted Fury; to all which he made but short Replies, nor indeed, was there any Thing he could say, which would not serve rather to increase her Rage than diminish it: After what he had declared in the Presence of *LARISSA*, there was no Room for him to endeavour for an Excuse for his Unkindness; and, to tell her that she owed her Undoing, as she call'd it, more to the Advances she had made him, than any real Inclination in himself, would not only have been uncourtly, but ingrateful also: He contented himself therefore, with hearing patiently the opprobrious Names with which she loaded him; and when she threatned to revenge the Indignity he had offered her, told her, She had already satisfy'd herself that Way, in betraying

traying him to LARISSA, and that he had little now either to hope or fear.

The Truth is, he was in reality possess'd of so violent a Despair, that he was little regardful of any Thing ——— He looked on LARISSA now as inevitably lost, both by her Father's Power, and her own Inclinations; the Coldness with she had spoke and look'd after the meeting with this enrag'd Rival, sufficiently convinc'd him, how great an Alteration that Lady's Words had wrought on her Mind, and having some Experience of the Moderation of her Temper, and the calm Manner in which she resent'd an Affront, could not at all flatter himself by the Remembrance that she flew not into that Rage which the other had done. He consider'd *Madam de MONBRAY*, however, as the chief Author of his Ruin, and as he never had known any thing like a Tenderness for her, this late Behaviour made her become extremely hateful to him: Fortune, for this once, was dispos'd to favour him; a Gentleman came the next Morning from the *Marshal*, to intreat she would not demean herself by continuing in a publick Inn, but, forgetting all the little Mistakes which had happened between them, to make use of his House while she stay'd at *Villamour*. She comply'd with this Request, and *de Brosse* was eas'd of the Neighbourhood of a Person whose Company was far from agreeable to him.

The Wounds he had receiv'd being but slight, he was soon recovered of them, so well, that he might with Safety have return'd to *Paris*; but his

his ill Genius not permitting him to leave that Place without a greater Certainty of his Fate, he resolv'd to try all Means of speaking once more to the ador'd Object of his Affections: By all the Enquiries he could make, he was able to learn no more, than that she was close confin'd in the Castle, and had never been seen abroad since the Time in which she was forc'd from him——Yet, bent some way or other to see her, Day after Day did he pass in Sight of those cruel Walls which oppos'd his View; yet not, even from a distant Window, could he obtain the least Glimpse of any Thing he could imagine to be her. Many Weeks were taken up in this Employment, till at last believing this Industry would be ineffectual, a Thousand desperate Thoughts began to enter into his Head, and, to obtain what his Soul was so much fix'd on, would doubtless in the End have prompted him to some wild and destructive Method. As he was walking one Evening in a fine Forest, giving a Loose to his disorder'd Imaginations, he fancy'd he heard, a little Distance from him, a murmuring Sound of Voices, and drawing near, found that he had not been deceived in his Conjectures, and that one of them was the *Count de VISNAY*, and the other *LARISSA*: But with what Words is there a Possibility of representing the strange and mingled Passions which all at once crowded into his Soul, when he heard her distinctly speak these Words; Your Generosity (said she) has done, what all my Father's Rigour never could have effected——From this Moment I am yours,
and

and ——— she added something more, but the poor *Baron* was not in a Condition of hearing it ——— The Surprise, the Rage, the Grief, the Horror which invaded him, seized on each Faculty, and left him not the Power to follow the Dictates, which, at the first Discovery of his Rival's Happiness, his Passion dictated — He fell into a Swoon, and lost the Means either of complaining or revenging his Misfortune. At his Return of Sense, he met with a Spectacle far different from that which had depriv'd him of it ——— The *Count de Visnay*, instead of Love, was now offering a Sacrifice to the God of War ——— Nothing could be more fierce than the Combat he held with a *Chevalier*, who, by reason of his Back being turned to that side where the *Baron* stood, was utterly unknown to him — They made several Passes at each other with equal Fury and Success, while *LARISSA* seemed to rend the Air with Shrieks and Cries for Help to part them ——— The Stranger's Sword, little capable of performing of his Master's Will, broke in his Hand, when clash'd against the other's better-temper'd Steel; and the *Count*, willing to take the Advantage Fortune gave, was preparing to plunge his Sword into the Breast of his defenceless Antagonist, when the Generosity of *de Brosse*, or rather his Alacrity to take the Part of any Thing that seemed an Adversary to the Man he so much hated, made him run in between them, and bid *de Visnay* turn to an Enemy more prepared to answer him: It would have been, indeed, with more than common Rage, had these Two, equally excited

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by

Revenge and Jealousy, engaged in Combat; but the Cries of LARISSA having by this Time drawn some of the *Count's* Men, who were waiting not far from that Place, they all at once unsheath'd their Swords in Defence of their Lord, seeing him Bloody with many Wounds which he had received from the other; which obliging him to stop his Arm, while he gave Orders that they should not offer a Blow, gave the Lady Time to speak in this Manner.

—— Your Life, said she, to *de VISNAY*, is now too precious to me, for me to permit you to Hazard it against a Man made Valiant by his Despair — Leave him, my Lord; cried she, with a Tone and Air wholly compos'd of Scorn, to be punish'd by his own Guilt, and the Furies of a tormented Mind, and give me leave to apply what Balsom is in the Power of Love or Physick, to heal the Hurts you have already sustained for me: In speaking these Words, she took the *Count* by the Arm, and giving a Look on the *Baron*, full of Fierceness, oblig'd him to go with her to the Castle. The Confusion of *de BROSSÉ* was so great, that for a while he forgot every Thing but the Cruelty of LARISSA, and had, perhaps, continued much longer in that Resvery, if the Person whom he had preserv'd from the Fury of the *Count de VISNAY*, had not rous'd him from it, by accosting him in this Manner; You have return'd the Favour, said he, for which you were indebted to me, but you must not expect any other Thanks, than what the Sword affords: We are now on equal Terms

with each other, and may dispute which best

merits

merits the Esteem of LARISSA, he who has for Years languished in a patient enduring, or he who bold on his own Merits, endeavours by Force to gain the glorious Prize. The *Baron* at these Words, looking stedfastly on him who spoke them, immediately knew that he was the same *Chevalier* to whom he owed his Life, when attack'd by the double Rage of the *Counts de VISNAY*, and *CHEVREUX*; but the latter Part of his Discourse, informing him that he was his Rival, gave him an adequate Share of Amazement and Concern. After having allow'd a Moment or Two to Reflection, Suppose, said he, we should be both Admirers of the same Beauty, I know no Reason why we should be Enemies: The Charmer we adore is equally cruel to us both: Partners therefore, in one wretched Fate, I think we ought rather by Friendship to heal the Wounds of Love, than by giving Way to an unavailing and a causeless Rage, render our Misfortunes greater. It is not, answer'd the other fiercely, because you are the Lover of LARISSA, that I would pursue you, but because you have had recourse to Means the most Abhorr'd and Base, to obtain what your Sollicitations wanted Power to do. Those who accuse me of it, resum'd the *Baron*, are guilty of a greater Baseness than they would charge me with ——— But I shall not impute the Injury to you, who I perceive are unacquainted with the History of this Affair, which, for your Satisfaction, as well as the clearing my own Innocence, I will inform you of. As *de Brosse* was about to proceed,

he perceiv'd the Person he was speaking to, grow pale, and presently after fall fainting in his Arms; that faithful Servant who still continued with the *Baron*, wondering at his long Stay, and always in fear that his Despair might push him on some desperate Course, had wander'd in search of him about the Forest, and at this Instant happened to come to the Place where they were standing: He helped to support the almost expiring *Chevalier*, and between them both he was carried to the Inn where *de Brosse* had taken up his Lodging. Easily perceiving that his Swoon was occasioned by the Loss of Blood, which in great Abundance issued from those Wounds he had received from the *Count de Visnay*, his compassionate Rival ordered the same Surgeon to be sent for who had attended him. Proper Means being applied, he was soon restored to the Use of his Senses, but so extremely weak, that for some Days he was incapable of holding any Discourse, but as soon as he was in a Condition, the *Baron*, impatient for an Eclaircissement of this Adventure, related to him the whole Story of his Passion for *Larissa*, the Progress he had made in her Affections, and the Means by which that Lady was brought to believe him unworthy of them. He had no sooner concluded his Narrative, than the Stranger taking him by the Hand, replied to him in this Manner, I am amaz'd said he, that the Offer you made me of your Friendship had no greater Effect upon me; for methinks there is a certain Sympathy in our Fate, which should mutually incline us to
love

love each other ——— It was much the same Chance with that of yours, which brought me to the Sight of the lovely Daughter of the *Count de CHEVREUX* ——— I had the good Fortune to be serviceable to her in a like Extremity ——— I find but this Difference in our Misfortunes, that you were once happy enough to be loved by her, but are now hated; I never was loved, and am not now hated.

——— I know not which is, therefore, most unhappy, I, in the Reflection that I never had Merits to engage her Tenderness, or you, in knowing that you have been in Possession of that Blessing, and have now lost it beyond a Possibility of Redemption ——— But, continued he, to return in some measure the Favours I have received from you, I will recite to you, the Accidents which happened in my Acquaintance with this sweet Ruiner of our common Repose. Know, that I am of the Family of the *DEL'AMYES*, and being honoured with the Intimacy of *Marshal TALLARD*, with whom I serv'd in several Campaigns, was desir'd by him to pass some Time at his Seat here in *Villamaur*.

I will spare you the Trouble, interrupted *de Brosse*, as soon as he had nam'd himself, of so long a Relation, which in the Condition you are, may be prejudicial to you ——— And let you know, That since you are the *Chevalier DEL'AMY*, I have been inform'd of every Particular of your unhappy Passion, by the Mouth of *Marshal TALLARD*, to whom yourself communicated the whole Affair. All that remains to ease my Curiosity, is, the History
of

of your Adventures from the Time of your leaving him, to that in which my good Fortune brought you to my Relief. These Words were no sooner out of the *Baron's* Mouth, than the other began to do as he had desir'd, in these or the like Terms.



A Continuation of the History of the
Chevalier DEL'AMYE.

AS you have been told, said he, of the Manner in which I left *Paris*, I shall only say, that, wholly sway'd by the Dictates of my Despair, I had no Design of going to any particular Place, and, guided only by Fortune, my Horse had bore me many Leagues before I knew in what Road I was—Night coming on, I went into an Inn, and was there inform'd, that I was in the Way to *Roan*, which satisfy'd me well enough; it being a Sea-Port, I was in hopes of meeting some Vessel there, which might transport me to some Place where I might never hear the Name of CHEVREUX, or LARISSA more; accordingly I pursued my Journey, and in a few Days reach'd that Town, where, as I desired, I found a Ship ready to set Sail for *Holland*, a favourable Wind, and a calm Sea, conducted us safely to our intended Port;
and

and being arrived, I cannot say, but that the Customs and Manners of a People so very much the Reverse of ours, so much attracted my Attention, that I lost some part of the Remembrance of my unhappy Passion——To contribute towards my Cure, I happened into the Acquaintance of an *English* Merchant, who had formerly spent some Time in *France*, but had now his Residence at *Brussels*: A Conformity of Behaviour and Religion, made us become extremely intimate; and as there is nothing so natural, as for the Tongue to delight in uttering what the Heart is full of, I related to him the Means which had induc'd me to travel——He seem'd amaz'd at my Perseverance in a Flame, which from the Beginning had been hopeless; and laid down before me so many Reasons for my endeavouring to vanquish it, that at last, I consented to make one in all the Diversions his good Nature prepar'd for me, to alleviate my Melancholly: I frequently rode out a Hunting with him, play'd at his House with several of the best Rank who visited him, and sometimes went to Balls, where all the Polite and Elegant of both Sexes in those Parts were Assembled——There was not a celebrated Toast, that he did not introduce me to, in hopes the Beauty of the present Object, might obliterate the absent one; but alas! I could find nothing which had the Power of making the least Impression on my Heart; the Charms of *LARRISSA* were a Defence against all others, and the most radiant Eyes seem'd dull, in Competition with those of hers——These Amusements,

ments, however, did a little abate the Poignancy of my Affliction, and I know not but in Time, they might have work'd the Effect which the Giver of them wish'd, if an unexpected Accident had not made me relapse into my former Folly. Happening to be walking alone by the Sea-side, I saw the Long-Boat of a stately Ship then riding in the Harbour, put in for some Passengers who waited at a little Distance from me; I was presently fill'd with a Curiosity not very common with me, of seeing who these Persons were, and drew as near to them as I could, without being guilty of ill Manners; but, O Heavens! how shall I make you sensible what 'twas I felt, when I imagin'd, that in the Face of a young Lady, one of the Company, I beheld the Features of LARISSA! — Her Eyes, her Mouth, her every Charm, so lively represented, that not the Reflection of her own Image in a Glass, could be more like — Her Stature too, her Shape and Air, were so much the same, that had the true LARISSA been in Place, I question if the nicest Eye could have discover'd which was she; at first I thought it her, and though I could not guess by what strange and unimagin'd Chance, she should be there, yet I believed my Eyes could not be deceived in a Form so ever present to my Mind, or that in Nature, there could be so exact a Similitude between Two Persons — Confus'd as my Thoughts were in this surprizing Juncture, I still had Remains enough of Reason to endeavour to be satisfy'd, and for that End, went to some Servants who I saw attending a few Paces from

from them, with some Luggage, and enquir'd of them, who that Company were, and to what Place they were going to embark? They inform'd me, that their Master was Governor of the *Madera* Islands, and that the two Ladies were his Daughters; one of them being married to a Gentleman, who had a considerable Post also in the same Place, they were all going to settle there. —

I thought it wou'd be like an impertinent Curiosity, to ask which of them was the married Lady; and, besides, the Boat, having just then reached the Shore, the Men had other Business, than to answer my Questions; but I had not Power to leave the Place, till I saw them get on board, and was afterward in such a Condition, as I am ashamed to express what I felt; for this beautiful Resemblance of *LARISSA*, cou'd not be call'd Love, yet it was something which renew'd that Passion in me, for the first Object of it, with so much Vehemence, that since I knew it impossible to pass my Days with the real *LARISSA*, I fancy'd it wou'd be an Infinity of Contentment, to have always the Pleasure of gazing on a Person, who was so much her Image. Sleep was a Stranger to my Eyes that whole Night, and early in the Morning I went to the Harbour, to see if the Vessel had set sail, and finding it had not, took a sudden Resolution, the Extravagance of which will doubtless make you think I was not in my right Senses: It was to become a Passenger, in the same Vessel, that so by commencing an Acquaintance, I

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might

might have the Opportunity, hereafter, of seeing frequently that lovely Creature. — I had Bills of Exchange, and Jewels about me, of a considerable Value ; with these I design'd to Traffick, having now no other Consideration, nor aiming at any other Happiness, than at being near this enchanting Similitude of all I ever did or ever can love. — I return'd to my *English* Friend, and communicated to him this Change in my Humour, who at first only laugh'd at the Oddness of the Adventure ; but when I acquainted him with my Determination, and that I resolv'd to be gone that Hour, he omitted nothing, which he thought might serve to dissuade me from it. — But, alas ! had the united Entreaties, or Arguments of the whole World, joined to enforce me to stay, I would have broke through all ; and taking a hasty Leave of him, who, pitying the Effects of my Frenzy, as he justly enough term'd it, accompanied me to the Sea-side, and, with Tears in his Eyes, saw me embark.—I had not been many Hours on board, before we set sail, and during this Voyage, had all the Happiness I wish'd, in being treated by the Governor and his Family, as a Person, whose Society they were extreamly pleas'd with ; but above all, the Husband of ARANTE, for that was the Name of her whose Charms had induced me to take this Voyage, seemed to have a very great Friendship for me. Being inform'd, that I intended to set up Merchandizing, he made it his Business to instruct me in the
Methods

Methods I must use, to make that Way of Trade advantageous ; and I was now become so contented in my Mind, that I apply'd my self to learn, with as much Earnestness and Pleasure as ever I had done to ride the great Horse, Fence, or any other Qualifications, of a Person, who designs to be a Proficient in the Use of Arms. The extraordinary Devoirs I paid his Wife, he look'd on only as Gratitude for the Civilities I receiv'd from him, and never had the least Notion, that her Beauty had any Effect on me : But it was with other Eyes she regarded my Actions, and a little Time convinc'd me, that I was not so happy as I hop'd, and that she had nothing of my ador'd LARISSA, but Form ——— Whenever we happen'd to be alone together, she treated me with a Kindness, which methought exceeded that of an Acquaintance, and at last seemed to surpass that of the most intimate Friendship : I was frequently prodigiously surprized at some Particulars in her Behaviour ; but soon after our landing, receiv'd from her an Eclaircissement, which wou'd have made some Men blest, but render'd me extremely troubled and perplexed, to find she had been so much deceived in my Intentions, and I in her Principles. One Morning, as I lay in my Bed, a Negro Slave of hers brought me a Billet, which, as near as I can remember, contained these Lines :

To Monsieur De l'AMY.

EITHER my Eyes are very unintelligible, or you imagine that your own are so ——— From the first Moment of our Acquaintance, I read in yours, that I was not indifferent to you ; and, I think, you might have understood by mine, that I was neither insensible, nor ingrateful ; but I have heard say, that Timidity and Respect in your Sex, are the most certain Proofs of a sincere Affection, and therefore will not blame the unnecessary Cautions of your Behaviour. ———

I shall be in the Orange Grove, at the back of our Garden, about two Hours hence ; and if you desire to be farther inform'd what my Sentiments are of you, 'tis there you may expect it ; my Husband is engag'd on Business all this Day, at the Governor's, so you need not apprehend any Interruption. ——— Farewell, be secret and discreet, and we may enjoy many happy Hours together :

Yours,

ARANTE.

You will wonder, perhaps, that I took not the Advantage of so kind a Summons ; but I protest to you, that the Veneration I had conceiv'd for the Likeness of LARISSA, took from me all Desires to the Prejudice of ARANTE. ——— I was griev'd to my Soul, that a Form so excellent, shou'd harbour Thoughts so contrary to what the exterior Part of her denoted — I blush'd for her

her want of Modesty — nay, was angry that she wou'd not suffer me to esteem her. — Had it been any other Woman, I know not how far I might have amused my self; but that divine Resemblance she bore, while it forbid me to give a Loose to any dishonourable Wishes, made me enraged, to think, she shou'd herself prophane it. — I was a long while, before I could resolve in what manner I should reply; and the Slave was obliged to remind me several times, that his Mistress wou'd be impatient for his Return, before I cou'd fix on any thing: At last, with a Disorder in my Bosom, not to be express'd, I took Pen and Paper, and scribbled over the following Lines:

To the Beautiful ARANTE.

Forgive me, Madam, if, conscious of my own Demerits, and that Tenderness which is owing to the best of Husbands, I cou'd not imagine you had any other Sentiments, than such as were consonant to the Character of us both — It was with the utmost Adoration I consider'd your Charms, and never durst prophane the sacred Inspiration, by one polluted Wish — I love you, O most divine ARANTE! but it is with that sort of Love, with which a Saint regards his God. — I will not fail to pay my Devotions at the Orange Grove, but shall not presume to bring any other Offerings, than such as are agreeable to my Duty, and which your Husband, nor your Father,

*ther, if Witness of, cou'd disapprove; all my
Ambition being to testify my self,*

The heavenly *Arante's*

Most zealous Votary in all

Honour and Purity,

De L'AMYE.

I had no sooner dispatch'd the Messenger with this, than I rose, and dress'd me, in order to go to the Place where she had appointed me to come, tho' I must confess, I cou'd not believe she wou'd meet me, after what I had written, which so plainly demonstrated, that my Thoughts of her, had been vastly different from what she had imagin'd: But I was deceiv'd in my Conjecture; tho' I came within the Time she mention'd, she was there before me, and at my Approach receiv'd me with less Shame than Resentment; she rally'd me on my Affectation of Virtue, (as she call'd it) in the severest Terms that Wit, embolden'd by Desire, cou'd dictate. — She told me, that she believ'd instead of a Campaign, my Education had been in a Convent, and that the Stile of my Letter had more the Air of the *Geneva* Hypocrisy, than *French* Gallantry; with a Thousand other such like Reflections, on the little Warmth of my Behaviour. — I said all that I thought might convince her of the real Admiration I had of her Charms, and that it was owing to my great Respect, rather than the Want of it, which prevented my

my taking any Advantages of the Condescensions she made me; I endeavour'd to set forth the true Contentments of an innocent Conversation, and the innate Pleasure which arose from a Consciousness of having done one's Duty, and represented to her, how much she owed to a Husband, who so tenderly lov'd her: But this was not the Entertainment she expected from me, and she let me know it, by refusing to hear me out, and flinging away with an Abruptness, which sufficiently express'd her Dissatisfaction at my Proceedings.

The little Delicacy, or, if you will, the Immodesty of her Behaviour in this Affair, had so entirely destroy'd all the Esteem I had for her, that I found not the least Uneasiness on my Spirits, for having disobligh'd her ——— All the Devoirs I had paid her, had been only offer'd thro' her, to the Image of LARISSA; and when I discover'd how little Resemblance there was between her, and the nobler Part of that Charmer of my Soul, I accus'd my self for having been guilty of Idolatry, and worshipping a False Deity, because it had the Appearance of a True one. I went not to her House for several Days, neither was I invited thither, as I had been accus'tom'd; and I took Notice, that whenever I met her Husband at any publick Place, he accosted me not with his usual Freedom, and at last scarce spoke to me; this Alteration of his Treatment of me, made me suspect she had represented me to him in Colours very different from the Truth;

Truth; but I took no Notice of it, designing never to see her again, and heartily repenting the Voyage I had taken on her Account ——— I was just beginning to think, what Excuse I should make to the Acquaintance I had contracted in that Island, for my leaving it, which I resolv'd to do suddenly; when a Messenger came from the Father of ARANTE, to desire me to attend him at his House that Evening: His Quality of Governor, and the Civilities I had receiv'd from him, both on board the Ship, and since my Arrival, left me no Possibility of dispensing with this Visit, tho' I had something of a Forewarning of the Reasons which had induc'd him to send: He receiv'd me with Complaisance enough, but far from that Gaiety and good Nature, with which I had formerly been welcom'd by him, and taking me into his Closet, where he made me sit down by him; I am sorry, said he, that your Imprudence has laid a Necessity on me of speaking to you in the manner I am now about to do. ——— I will not, however, upbraid you with the Breach of Hospitality, nor Ingratitude to Persons to whom you have acknowledged some Obligations: I doubt not, but hereafter, when Reason gets the better of Passion, you will pass a Sentence more severe on your own Conduct, than I will take upon me to do. I give a vast deal of Allowance to the natural Gallantry of your Country, and for that Reason have moderated the Rage of my Son: I believe, I need not tell you, that

that it is on the Score of ARANTE, that I now discourse you in this manner ; in fine, she has discover'd the Declarations you made her, to her Husband ; had he follow'd the first Dictates of his Resentment, Death must have been the Consequence ; but in my Opinion, the less Noise there is of such Affairs the better ; I therefore oblig'd him to leave the Management of this to me, and told him, I wou'd undertake to ease him of any Inquietudes from your Side : Now, continued he, I can no way make good my Promise to him, nor indeed insure your Safety, if I prevail not with you to leave this Island, where, by what I can perceive, you have little Inducements to stay, except your Designs on ARANTE ; and those, I hope, her Behaviour has convinc'd you, are but vain.

Here he gave over speaking, and looking stedfastly on me, expecting my Reply, thought himself, I doubt not, confirm'd of my Guilt, by my Confusion, which was so great for some Time, tho' I had guess'd at that which I was now inform'd of, that it render'd me unable to utter one Word : The Truth is, I was extremely divided in my Resolution, what kind of Answer to make ; loth I was to lie under the Aspersions I was far from deserving ; yet lother to throw the Odium on the Lady : I had, however, at present, so little Regard for her, that 'tis probable I might have discover'd the whole Secret, rather than have appear'd guilty of Ingratitude to a Family, who had really

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been very obliging to me ; but then the Opinion, that, perhaps, what I shou'd say, might be taken only as an Evasion, and make me be thought yet more base ; or, if believ'd, involve them all in a Confusion among themselves, of the most pernicious Consequence, oblig'd me to give over any such Design : I therefore contented my self with telling the old Gentleman, that all Things were not as they appear'd ; that I had not any Intention of affronting or dishonouring his Daughter ; but since she was pleas'd to misconstrue my Behaviour, and that my Presence was likely to occasion Uneasinesses to him, and to her Husband, I was ready to comply with the Request he made me, of leaving the Island the first Opportunity. He then told me, that there was a Ship just ready to set sail for *France*, and that if I really resolv'd to do as I said, he wou'd do any Thing, in his Power, to forward my Journey : I thank'd him, but let him know I had no need of any Assistance ; that my Dealings had not been so great in that Place, but that I cou'd settle my Accompts, pay those Debts I had contracted, and call in what was due to me, in one Day's Time. This was the Sum of all that pass'd between us ; I took my Leave, and immediately went about ordering my Affairs for my Departure : I had once some little Inclinations to revenge my self on ARANTE, for her barbarous Accusation, by sending her a Letter, but the Consideration that it might possibly fall into her Husband's Hands,

Hands, and make that unhappy Gentleman for ever wretched, by a Discovery of her Levity, prevented me; and I forsook *Madera* with as much Satisfaction as I had felt in coming into it. — My Heart now flam'd with a Desire of seeing once more the True LARISSA; this Resemblance of her exterior Beauties, having rouz'd in me all that was tender for that lovely Origin of my Passion. Nothing happening worthy of Remark in my Voyage, I shall pass over the Particulars of it, and only tell you, that I landed safely at *Roan*, whence I pass'd to *Villamaur*: Being told the *Marshal* was there, I was glad to take the Opportunity of waiting on him first, not only because my Obligations to him exacted that Proof of my Respect, but also that being so near the *Count de CHEVREUX*, I doubted not of his being able to inform me, of all that pass'd there: He receiv'd me with his accustom'd Goodness, but on my Inquiry after LARISSA, related to me a History of you, which I am now apt to believe, was influenc'd by Prejudice. — He told me, that after a long Courtship, having prevailed on his Sister, *Madam de MONBRAY*, to give you a Promise of Marriage, you had made your Addresses to LARISSA, and on her refusing to hear you, had recourse to the most base Means, to obtain the Possession of her by Force. This it was, which made me resolve to do the best I cou'd for her Revenge, if Fortune ever brought you in my way; and being, by one of the *Marshal's* Servants, inform'd, that there was a Probability

bility, not only of finding you, but rescuing LARISSA also, from your intended Rape, I prevail'd with him to make ready my Horse, and, unknown to his Master, came in search of you. Chance, you know, brought me, when you were engag'd with the *Counts de CHEVREUX*, and *de VISNAY*, and my Honour oblig'd me to an Action, the very Reverse of what I had design'd. — I cannot express the Vexation I was in, when I reflected afterward on this odd Caprice of Fate, nor the Disgust the *Marshal* express'd at my too nice Observance, as he term'd it, of the Punctilios of Honour. I did not, however, repent what I had done, and we had many Disputes concerning it, which very much weaken'd the Bonds of Friendship with which we had been cemented: I determin'd to stay no longer at his House, than some Wounds I had receiv'd in the Skirmish, were cur'd; the first Day I was able to come abroad, my unvanquishable Passion led me to the Forest, behind the Castle of CHEVREUX, to take a distant View of those dear Walls, in which the Treasure of my Soul was lodg'd: I had not been long there, before I heard Voices, which more closely observing, I found were those of LARISSA, and *de VISNAY*: The tender Protestations I heard between them, fill'd me with an Agony, which unable to restrain, I burst out into this Exclamation, Great God! cry'd I, What has this Man done, to deserve LARISSA more than I? — These Words, pronounc'd with an uncommon Emphasis,

Emphasis, easily reach'd their Ears, and the Count starting up, and discovering me among the Bushes, utter'd some Words of Reproach, as tho' I had been guilty of ill Manners, in listening to their private Conversation, which adding to the Rage which Jealousy and Despair before had kindled in my Soul, made me draw my Sword, wishing no other than to lose my Life, or take that of this too happy Rival. ——— What follow'd you, my generous Preserver, know as well as I, and I am doubly oblig'd to you, first for my Life, and then for retrieving me from an Error, which, had it continued, wou'd have made me unjust to your Merits, and unkind to my self, in shunning the Society of a Person, whose Conversation may, if any thing has the Power, give some Relaxation to my Griets.

Thus ended the little Narrative of the *Chevalier de l'AMYE*, which after the *Baron* had thank'd him for reciting, there pass'd between these two unhappy Rivals, all the Professions imaginable of an inviolable Friendship. Before the Wounds of the former were perfectly heal'd, they heard the killing News, that the lovely Cause of their Misfortunes was, with great Pomp and Magnificence, married to the *Count de VISNAY*, at which Solemnity, most of the Nobility and Gentry in that Part of the Country, had been present. It cannot be said, that to be told this, threw them into Despair, because before they had been utterly depriv'd of Hope; but certain it is, that to know
another

another was in Possession of those Joys they languish'd for, was a very great Addition to their Misery. To encrease the Vexation of the *Chevalier de l'AMYE*, the *Marshal*, being inform'd of the Intimacy between him and *de BROSSÉ*, sent to forbid him ever coming to his House again, or to entertain any Expectations of a future Correspondence with him. Never was Man of a more implacable or revengeful Disposition, than the *Marshal*; and these new-made Friends did not in the least doubt, but he wou'd be industrious for their Ruin, shou'd any Occasion present it self, to give him an Opportunity, which Knowledge, one wou'd think, shou'd have made them extremely circumspect; but there is this to be said for Predestination, that when a Person is decreed for Wretchedness, no Cautions are of Use, and he himself contributes to bring on his Fate. The Sequel of this History demonstrates the Truth of this Assertion, in as evident a Manner, as, I believe, the World ever produc'd.

But to proceed gradually: *Villamaur* was now become a Place irksome to both; they resolv'd, therefore, to return to *Paris*, and seek, in the Hurry of that busie City, if possible, something, which might make them forget the Misfortunes of the Country. Both indeed had enough to do there, without they cou'd have contented themselves to have fed on Herbs, and led the Life of Hermits: *De BROSSÉ* sent Letters to his Friends, excusing, as well as he cou'd, his abrupt Departure from

from Court ; and *de l'AMYE* wrote others to some, whose Nearness of Blood made him hope for their Assistance, in procuring him some Post suitable to his Birth ; but, alas ! at their Arrival they found their Expectations equally frustrated. *De Brosse* had all the World against him, first for throwing himself out of a Place, considerable enough to make a great many covetous of it, and glad to take the Opportunity he gave them, by quitting it without Permission, of saying things too much to his Disadvantage, to leave him any Possibility of resuming it : But this was not all alledg'd against him ; the Story of the pretended Contract with *Madam de MONBRAY*, and the Rape of *LARISSA*, were represented by the Agents of the *Marshal*, and afterwards by himself, in so ill a Light, that the unhappy *Baron* was look'd upon, by every Body, as one of the worst, and most base of Mankind. The Contagion of his ill Fate spread itself to that of the *Chevalier*, who, tho' they cou'd lay nothing of this Nature to his Charge, was yet accounted criminal enough in being the Friend of the other ; at least, this serv'd as a Pretence for those, who had no Inclinations to do him any Act of Kindness. Thus were these two, the bravest and most accomplish'd Men of their Time, by the too violent Pursuit of an unhappy Passion, reduc'd to Exigencies unworthy of their Rank, as of their Merit.

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But it was not the Knowledge of those Misfortunes in which the *Baron* was plung'd, which contented the Vindictive *Madam de MONBRAY*; her slighted Favours, and her wounded Faine, demanded greater Satisfaction; his Blood alone cou'd restore her to that Peace, which his Unkindness had depriv'd her of: She had an indigent Kinsman, to whom she apply'd, for the bringing about her Revenge, assuring him of great Rewards if he compleated it. There is scarce any Thing, tho' never so base or cruel, that the Hope of raising a Fortune, will not influence some People to attempt. This Man was of that Humour, and readily undertook the Murder of the devoted *Baron*; but as the Reputation of that Gentleman was too well establish'd, to give him hope of compassing his Intent by open Means, he had recourse to a Stratagem, the most abhorr'd and barbarous, that Hell e'er form'd. He got a Pistol made, on the Barrel of which was engrav'd the Arms of *de Brosse*, and the Cypher of his Name; this he loaded with a Brace of Bullets; then going to a little Caberet near his House, sent to entreat to speak with him, pretending Business of extraordinary Moment: The other, suspecting no Treachery, readily went, but was surpriz'd at his Entrance, to find a Person whom he had never seen in his whole Life, and desiring to know what Affair he had to communicate; The Contents of this Paper, answer'd the Assassin, giving him a seal'd Letter, will inform you: While the *Baron* was breaking

ing it open, with some Consternation in his Mind, what it should import, the other plucking out his Pistol, discharg'd it, and threw it at the Baron's Feet with the one Hand, and with the other drawing out his Sword, had certainly plung'd it in his Breast, if, by the greatest Chance in the World, the Point had not hit on a Picture, which, in their Days of Tenderness, LARISSA had favour'd him with, and which he had ever since worn on his Bosom ; it was the Portraiture of herself, and being drawn on a Gold Plate, the Hardness of the Metal preserv'd her Adorer from the Sword of this Villain ; as the Idea of herself within, defended him from any other Beauties. — The letting off the Pistol, and the drawing the Sword, were accompany'd with a great Cry of Murder, which the Villain, to countenance his Design, set up ; his Plot being not to shoot the *Baron*, but, by the Report of the Pistol, to alarm the People of the House, that when they came up, and saw a Man kill'd, it should appear as if he had done it in his own Defence. — But missing his Aim in the first Pass, he was was about to make a second, before the *Baron*, in that Confusion, had time to make Defence ; his Sword was but half out, when the Room was full of People, who run in to know the Meaning of what they heard : That cruel Man, for what Reason I know not, said the Russian, attempted to shoot me thro' the Head, but Providence, directing the Bullets another way, gave me the Liberty of drawing my Sword, and having at least a better Chance for Life. The Pistol was immediately taken

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up, and the Arms of the *Baron* being on it; rendred all the other said believ'd as undoubted Truth. — They were, however, both carry'd before a Magistrate, where all Circumstances being against *de Brosse*, that injur'd Gentleman was committed to the *Bastile*, there to remain till a formal Tryal, before Judges of a superior Rank, should determine, what should be his Punishment for an intended Assassination.

Tho' *Madam de Monbray* was vex'd that he had 'scap'd with Life, she found some Pleasure in the publick Disgrace which had befallen him, and did not much doubt, but, in owning the Person with whom this Skirmish had happen'd, for her Kinsman, and appearing for him, but she shou'd be able to obtain some very severe Penalty against the *Baron*.

At length the appointed Day arriv'd, and the Interest which this implacable Woman, and her Brother, the *Marshal*, made against the innocent *Baron*, carry'd the Cause entirely in Favour of the other. — The Sentence was given, that the Assailant, which *de Brosse* was made to appear, shou'd lie three Years in Prison, and at his Release-ment give such Security, as his Adversary should approve, for his future Deportment to him, and pay a Fine of a much larger Sum, than, indeed, as his present Affairs stood, was in his Power to disburse, without ruining himself: The Court was just about to break up, when a Man, who had heard part of the Tryal, and was inform'd of the rest by some Persons, who had been Witnesses of the whole, came up to the Bar, and making

making a low Obeysance, intreated Leave to ask one Question of the Judge, which he said was material to the Point, which had just been in Debate. This Liberty being allow'd him, he begg'd to know, If the Reason why Sentence had been given against the *Baron* was, that he was prov'd the Owner of the Pistol, and by Consequence the Person who assaulted the other? and he being answer'd, that it was, Then, said he, My Lord, with Submission, I must inform you, that your Justice has been misled by the Falshood of the Evidence. — That very Pistol was bought of me, by the Gentleman, who pretends to have been endanger'd by it, and it was by his Orders, that the Arms and Cypher of the *Baron de Brosse* were engraven on it. — This I am ready to make Oath of, and so can all the Men, who are employ'd by me in Work, who happen'd to be in the Room, when the Directions were given, and some of them assisted in the making it.

This unlook'd-for Witness turn'd in a Moment the whole Affair; The Man was put to his Oath, and the Servants he mention'd immediately sent for, and examin'd apart: All of them agreeing in their Evidence, the *Baron* was declared Innocent, and the Person who had accused him, adjudged to the same Punishment decreed for him, with this Addition, That as he had not only attempted the Life, but Reputation also, of a Man of Quality, he was to lie twice the Number of Years in Prison. A general Shout ensu'd upon this Decree among the disinterested

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Part of the Assembly ; but *Madam de MONBRAY*, the *Marshal*, and their Adherents, grew red with Indignation at the Disappointment, and endeavour'd all they cou'd to mitigate the Severity of the Sentence ; but the Judge happen'd to be a Person not to be bias'd, and they were oblig'd to content themselves with secretly meditating some other Means of Vengeance. The Injustice of this Accusation, and the apparent Malice with which he was treated by the *Marshal* and his Sister, regain'd the *Baron* many of those Friends which his Inadvertency had lost him. — He receiv'd Congratulations he expected not, and Offers of Services, which, in the present Position of his Affairs, were very needful. There was more than a Possibility, that he might in a little Time have intirely re-establish'd himself, not only in the Esteem, but also in the Interests he formerly possess'd of those, in whose Power it was to raise him to the best Posts in the Kingdom, if an unhappy Accident had not happen'd, to destroy those Hopes, with which he began to flatter himself : But there are so great a Number of Incidents, which contributed to bring on the sad Catastrophe of his perplexed Life, that, fearing to be too tedious in the Recital of them, I shall defer the Remainder till another Opportunity ; as also those of the *Chevalier de l'AMYE*, the *Count de VISNAY*, and his fair Bride ; *Madam de MONBRAY* ; the *Marshal*, and his beloved *HENRIETTA* : All which having Adventures to be related, infinitely more surprizing than any has been yet remark'd.

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